2
2891

ICH DIEN

VOL. III.

REPOSITORY of Arts, Literature FASHIONS &c. New Series

DIEU ET MON DROIT

London:
PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
SHERWOOD & Co. and WALKER & Co. Paternoster-Row; and
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, Stationer's-Court.

Bagh 1837
2891

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. JANUARY 1, 1817. No. XIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. A FISHING-LODGE 1
2. THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER AT THE TABLE D'HOTE 11
3. VIEW OF LONGWOOD-HOUSE, ST. HELENA 42
4. LADIES' FULL DRESS 52
5. PARISIAN HEAD-DRESSES . . . . *ib.*
6. BORDER PATTERN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

FINE ARTS.

Architectural Hints.—A Fishing-Lodge 1
Architectural Review.—Improvements of London . . . . *ib.*

THE DOMESTIC COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

Observations concerning the Quantity of solid Matter which exists in Potatoes, Apples, Pears, Carrots, and other Fruits and Roots 3
On enriching the Soil of Gardens by fresh Vegetable Manure. By the Rev. J. VENABLES, Rector of Cerne, Dorsetshire 4
Early Potatoes 6
Disadvantages of Thrashing-Machines . *ib.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

Memoir of Charles Joseph Procopius, Prince de Ligne . . . . *ib.*

MISCELLANIES.

Sentimental Travels to the South of France 11
The Woman-Hater converted 17
Eleanor Johnson 22
The Murmurer corrected 24
The Budget of a Parisian Elégante . . 26
The Unexpected Meeting 28
The Female Tattler.—No. XIII. . . . 30
The Consequences of Novel-Reading exemplified in the History of Ruth Rueful 35
Exhibition of Copies from Italian and Spanish Pictures at the Gallery of the British Institution 38
Brilliant Houses at Paris 41
Longwood-House, St. Helena 42

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MAELZEL's Metronomic Tutor . . . 44
CRAMER's Dulce et Utile 46
The Sophia, a Waltz 47
WHITAKER's "Young Iwan" . . . . *ib.*
——— "My native Land is free" *ib.*
——— "The Wild Irishman" . 48
——— "Trilla-loo" . . . . . *ib.*
——— "Clown's Bazaar" . . . *ib.*
KLOSE's "Here's the Garden's matchless Pride" . . . . *ib.*
MONRO's "The Hero's Orphan Girls" *ib.*
——— The Saxe-Coburg Waltz . . 49
DROUET's Three Duets for two Flutes *ib.*

THE SELECTOR.

Assassination of the Bey of Tripoli by his Brother . . . . *ib.*

FASHIONS.

London Fashions.—Full Dress—Parisian Head-Dresses 52
General Observations on Fashion and Dress 53
French Female Fashions 56

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC 59

POETRY.

To ——— 61
Invocation to Indifference 62
Sonnet . . . . *ib.*

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

M. A. M'C. *will perceive that we have attended to her request. We shall feel flattered by her future favours.*

The Letters of Winifred Worrett *and* Laurence Lovechat *shall appear in our next.*

We assure such of our readers as have justly objected to the too scientific complexion of some of the articles introduced into our Domestic Commonplace-Book, *that we shall endeavour in future to confine it to the subjects which it was originally intended to embrace. We solicit of our correspondents the communication of all such unpublished receipts and processes connected with domestic economy, as are calculated to prove of general utility.*

We beg leave to remind those persons who are in the habit of transmitting literary announcements, that we cannot notice works already published, except on our advertising sheet.

Poetical contributions by Mrs. M'Mullan, Mrs. Serres, J. M. Lacey, *and several others, in our next, if possible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. JANUARY 1, 1817. No. XIII.

[library stamp] ... SARASWATI MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 1.—A FISHING-LODGE.

THIS building is planned for the convenience of small parties engaged in the amusement of angling, and other sports of the water, where accommodation cannot be obtained in its neighbourhood. The cottage would also afford that temporary retirement, which so often becomes delightful from the difficulty there is to ensure it amidst the gay and bustling scenes of social or fashionable intercourse. The neighbourhood of the Lakes, the margin of some river, or an island, would afford a proper situation for this building; and should it be placed near other property belonging to its possessor, the kitchen and a sleeping-room might be the permanent residence of the woodman, the shepherd, or other married servant of the estate, whose wife would keep it ready at all times for the purposed occupancy: it would consist of a parlour, a kitchen, a room for the fishing apparatus, two closets, a staircase, and above, of two bed-rooms and a store-closet. Should it be desired as an ornamental cottage merely, the room for the tackle would supply convenience for the larder, wine and beer-cellars; and, if properly situated, the design would become a useful embellishment to extensive grounds.

The front is ornamented by pilasters, and the sides by verandahs, formed by the projections of the roof.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. XII.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

SPECULATIONS in building have long been encouraged by the influx of wealth, that necessarily enriched the metropolis, and inspired its inhabitants with a taste for domestic luxury and splendid habitations: the old buildings of the city have been deserted for the

new ones of its suburbs, and streets of half a century old have been abandoned to trade, that were originally the seats of "Quality and Fashion;" but at length the time has arrived in which this encouragement having ceased, every attempt to extend the outline of the metropolis necessarily fails, and the Genius of speculation, from its endeavours to extend the town, resorts to the more desirable effort of improving it. Had this change taken place a few years sooner, it would have been well for the beauty of the suburbs of London, as it might have prevented the present painful exhibition of ruins which are so frequently presented to the eye in its environs, from houses just begun, houses half finished, or being finished, falling to decay merely from the want of occupancy. Should a spirit for improvement exert itself in the neighbourhood of such edifices as are already points of attraction, there can be little doubt entertained of its being rewarded by encouragements equal to those that have already been the most successful. Among the most striking architectural features in the British metropolis we reckon the cathedral of St. Paul, and the ancient abbey of St. Peter Westminster. To these all foreigners and strangers are conducted by their metropolitan friends, with a pride that might be forgiven even among a people possessing a greater number of grand public works than can be boasted of by the English; but St. Paul's will probably remain for ages surrounded by houses, crowding so closely upon its stupendous walls, that the amateur of architecture must remain content to contemplate its beauty and grandeur by instalments, unless the improvements which will be consequent on the removal of the General Post-Office to its neighbourhood, communicate a portion if its benefits.

Westminster Abbey, until of late years, could not be viewed but under similar disadvantages, except on the north side: the buildings that had long encumbered this part of the edifice had been removed by the suggestion of Sir Christopher Wren; but a mass of old and disgusting houses remained from the north transept along the side of Henry the Seventh's chapel, obstructing that continuity, and concealing those beauties, which have now been exposed by throwing open the present view of this magnificent and splendid mausoleum. This has made way for further improvements of the spot, and but few cities afford a finer field for the display of a grand and imposing mass of Gothic structures, than this ancient and venerable pile and its immediate neighbourhood; but, however encouraged by efficient patronage, it is to be feared that the absence of taste, consequent perhaps on the calculations of speculators, will ever be lamented by those who have a true feeling for picturesque beauty as comprised in building. Mere builders, and speculative builders in particular, are the last persons from whom really tasteful improvements are to be expected; and it is painful to see such a neighbourhood and such public structures controuled with an entire apathy to all that relates to fitness and effect: this is the more surprising, as no modern architect has had the

hardihood to deny the merit of, and the applause due to, the genius of our forefathers in the noble buildings they have left for our admiration. Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall, form an assemblage of important edifices that seems to invite a system of great and imposing architecture, of which should a judicious and skilful architect avail himself in the further improvements of this part of the town, it is capable of presenting the finest mass of Gothic buildings and the noblest monuments of our greatness that the empire can boast. The attempt to gothicise the east side of New Palace-yard, indifferently designed as the façade of that work may be, is sufficient to shew the capability of the whole; and were the fronts of all the buildings in Old and New Palace-yard properly designed, Westminster Hall restored, and the Guildhall, the School, and other buildings in the vicinity, made to conform to this general purpose, a noble inducement would be presented for the further improvement of the spot by the erection of houses as the town residences of our nobility and gentry in a corresponding style of architecture.

With regard to the church of St. Margaret, it can scarcely be conceived that so ancient an edifice should remain near to the beautiful chapel now under judicious restitution, debased as it is by such commonplace deformity as has been substituted for its primitive beauty, when a small comparative sum would restore it to the character of the age in which it was originally built.

PERAMBULATOR.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

SINGULAR OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE QUANTITY OF SOLID MATTER WHICH EXISTS IN POTATOES, APPLES, PEARS, CARROTS, AND OTHER FRUITS AND ROOTS.

IT has been generally supposed, that the solid matter, as it is called by chemists, the ligneous fibre, of some roots and fruits which serve for our nourishment, such as potatoes, carrots, apples, pears, &c. forms a considerable part of their mass; a fourth or a fifth, for instance. Clement, a French chemist, has proved that this is a great error (*Annales de Chemie*, tome I. p. 173. February 1816). He has shewn, that what is usually regarded as the husk or mark of their substance, and consequently as refuse and waste, is as nearly as possible the same substance as the fruit or root from which it is obtained. Thus the potatoe, which presents itself as a very compact solid body, contains only one part and a fourth, in one hundred parts, of solid fibrous matter. All the rest is formed nearly of starch, a powder without any adhesion, and more than $\frac{68}{100}$ of liquid.

Apples, pears, and many other fruits and roots, exhibit also results

the most astonishing, since we do not ever find in them $\frac{1}{100}$ of the solid fibrous matter employed in forming the membranes and vessels of those organic beings, and of which $\frac{99}{100}$ are in a liquid state.—If we examine the husks of apples with the slightest attention, or of any other fruit, we soon become convinced, that they are merely formed of minute pieces, perfectly similar to those obtained by cutting and chopping the fruit when whole with a very sharp instrument, and without allowing a single drop of liquid to escape. It is impossible not to ascertain in an instant this perfect resemblance, which strikes the eye, and which is besides confirmed by experiment.

Mr. Clement says, "I cut a piece of the white beet-root into thin slices, and the latter were divided and chopped nearly to the same degree with the husks remaining after the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and which yielded 66 per cent. of juice. Nevertheless, the beet-root thus cut did not furnish any liquor on being pressed, and after being dried in the sun, it was found to have lost 88 per cent. of its weight; *i. e.* precisely as much as the husks dried in the same way.—Thus," he observes, "it is a great and mischievous error to imagine, that the husk of beet-root, and other roots and fruits, thrown away, is a substance almost dry; it contains as much water as the entire fruit or root, as comparative exsiccation proves, and a greater mechanical comminution would throw the whole into an almost liquid state: and here also mechanical division is sufficient to cause the actual solid and fibrous matter to disappear, by causing it to float in the liquid."

ON ENRICHING THE SOIL OF GARDENS BY FRESH VEGETABLE MANURE. BY THE REV. J. VENABLES, RECTOR OF CERNE, DORSETSHIRE.

The cabbages, cauliflowers, brocoli, potatoes, peas, beans, &c. are planted in my garden, as in most others, in straight rows, or drills. Before the gardener mows the lawn and pleasure-ground, he is directed to open a trench between these drills, as wide as the space will admit without injury to the vegetables growing in the rows, and about nine inches in depth. The short grass mown upon the lawn is then carried into the trench, and trodden closely down till it is full, and the earth which had been removed is again thrown upon it, and the ground raked smooth and even.

Every time the lawn and walks are mown the same course is followed, till the whole kitchen-garden is regularly and successively enriched with the most excellent vegetable manure. In a very few weeks the short grass buried beneath the surface is decomposed, and incorporates with the earth; and where the peas and beans, and other vegetables, are hoed and earthed up, it imparts a very great degree of vigour and luxuriance to their growth.

But it is not the grass only that is converted to this useful purpose. When the potatoes are dug, and the crop of peas and beans gathered, the potatoe haulm, the pea and bean haulm, the outer cabbage leaves and cabbage stalks, in short, the whole vegetable refuse of the garden, to a great amount, is bu-

ried in its fresh and green state in the trenches, and far more than repays the nourishment that has been drawn from the ground.

The end of October the asparagus beds are dressed for the winter. The earth, to the depth of about five inches, is first drawn into the alleys; a vegetable coat of manure is then spread over the whole bed, and the earth from the alleys thrown upon the top again. The weeds by this process are effectually destroyed, the bed is enriched, and the plants preserved from the effects of the cold and frost.

My strawberries are also planted in ranks or drills, and in the months of October and November have their narrow intermediate trenches filled with the fallen leaves of the trees, of which there is at that season a very plentiful supply. Few plants profit more by this system than strawberries. From the rapid manner in which they exhaust the vegetable manure in the earth, they are observed to require frequently a change of ground, that is, to be removed to a soil where the vegetable manure has not yet been consumed.

I will touch but briefly upon the advantages to be derived from this system.

Mould composed of vegetable substances which have rotted and fermented in a heap till their texture has been broken down, and the greater part of their juices evaporated, is unquestionably of great value, and admirably calculated to impart vigour and strength to the growth of plants. But the vegetable refuse of a garden requires a length of time before it can be brought into this state; some trouble in frequently turning the heaps; and in whatever part of the garden or grounds they are placed, they have always an unsightly and slovenly appearance: add to this, that these heaps lose nine parts out of ten, not only of their size and substance, but also of their most valuable qualities, by the continual action of the sun and air and rain upon them. But if the vegetable refuse of the garden is buried beneath the surface of ths ground while fresh and green, it is then easy of solution. The moisture of the earth assists the fermentation and decomposition; and the juices being preserved in the soil, become the nutriment and support of succeeding crops.

When a garden is manured in this way, it is scarcely possible to exhaust the soil. One crop may succeed another during the spring, summer, and autumn; and in the winter the same ground may be fully stocked with every vegetable that will stand the frost. Each crop will leave behind it sufficient vegetable refuse to keep the soil in constant good condition. To the market-gardeners such a method of cultivation must be of incalculable benefit.

I will only mention one more advantage attending this system, which will strongly recommend it to all those who delight in gardens; I mean its extreme neatness. When the gardener depends upon vegetable matters for the support and improvement of his soil, every weed will be speedily buried in his trenches, and every decayed leaf or withering stalk will immediately be hid beneath the surface of the

ground, and converted into a source of fruitfulness and plenty.

EARLY POTATOES.

The deficiency of our corn crops having created an idea that we are likely to have a scarcity, or at least that provisions will rate very high next summer, I am induced to suggest a few hints on the culture of early potatoes; the only resource that now remains with the farmer to obviate the threatening dangers in any degree.

It will be necessary to select ground sheltered from the north; the soil light, inclining to gravel; if in an exhausted state, to have some well-made dung dug in prior to the planting of the potatoes, which can be set in the usual way, only taking care to have the beds well covered with half-made stable dung to protect them from the frost. By getting them in the ground as soon after Christmas as the weather will permit, they may be dug out in June, if care be taken to select seed of an early kind. The Cumberland, a white kidney potatoe, has been proved to be the earliest, and to have the most produce. The writer has tried them on a small scale, and by digging them out at that time, has afterwards had an excellent crop of Norfolk turnips without any additional manure. Although the price may, in the first of the season, keep the early potatoes out of the reach of the poor, yet, by supplying the place of old ones at the tables of the rich, they will add so much to the general stock, and have an influence upon the market. At all events, should they come to market in any quantity, they will be calculated to keep prices down; and as we can have them nearly two months before the next harvest, it would be well not to neglect them.

DISADVANTAGES OF THRASHING-MACHINES.

It is recommended not to sow in future either wheat or barley that has been thrashed with the machine, as that mode of thrashing frequently breaks or bruises the clevels; and although not perceptible in the sample, there are many so bruised as to be totally deprived of their vegetative properties, and the cause is not discovered until it is seen by the plants being too thin on the ground. It is proved by experienced maltsters, that there are more mouldy or fenny clevels come to the kiln from the barley thrashed by the machine, than from that thrashed by the flail, and all such are a diminution of the quantity of worts and the quality of the beer. This has been much complained of, and the farmer is likely to suffer from a scanty crop by such bruised seed, if not timely prevented by using sound, healthy seed-corn.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

CHARLES JOSEPH PROCOPIUS, PRINCE DE LIGNE.

THE Prince de Ligne, a native of the Netherlands, had settled in Portugal, and acquired immense property by his marriage with Marianna de Soisa, sister of the Archbishop of Oporto, and the only re-

maining branch of that illustrious house. Vienna had never seen an ambassador from his Portuguese majesty till, in 1695, the Prince de Ligne appeared there in that character. The occasion for his mission was furnished partly by the marriage of the King of Portugal to a princess of the Palatinate, who was nearly allied to the house of Austria, and partly by the peace between France and the emperor, which had been brought about through the mediation of Portugal.

The entry of the ambassador into Vienna was uncommonly splendid. His retinue consisted of eighty persons, thirty-six horses, and six carriages. The magnificence which he displayed at his first audience was not less striking. To adduce only one instance of this, upwards of one hundred pounds weight of silver and gold was employed upon his state chariot; every ornament, every nail of which, nay, even those of the harness, were of massive silver, and thickly gilt.

The whole establishment of the ambassador at Vienna corresponded with the brilliancy of his entry and first audience. His profusion knew no bounds; "nay, even India itself," says a cotemporary writer, "would not have furnished a revenue sufficient for the expenditure of this single minister." This prodigal minister was, nevertheless, necessitated to quit Vienna under cover of night, and in the disguise of a monk; and it was owing only to his rank, and the indulgence of the emperor, that he did not receive the reward due to the deed which we are about to relate.

Among all his acquaintances with the nobles of the Austrian court, there was none that the prince cultivated more assiduously than that with Count Hallaweil. The occasion of their intimacy was furnished by antique coins, of which both were as great connoisseurs as they were passionate collectors; but it was gaming that constituted the closest bond of union between them, though it often reduced both to the most painfnl dilemmas, and at last cost the count his life, but the prince his honour and the repose of his future days.

The latter had lost in one sitting the sum of 51,000 guilders to Hallaweil. As his coffers were often empty through his extravagance, he was not at the moment able to discharge the debt, but promised to pay it within a certain time; and, on the other hand, prevailed upon the count to give him his word of honour not to mention the circumstance to any other person whatever.

The count, however, was not faithful to his promise; his treachery soon reached the ears of the prince, and that in a manner which could not fail to incense him in the highest degree. The prince was going to sit down to cards in one of the most brilliant companies, when the lady against whom he was about to play, asked in a jocose manner, but not without a certain emphasis, "Whether his excellency intended to pay if he should happen to lose?"—"Madam," replied the prince, "it is true that I am Hallaweil's debtor, but—he shall be paid." This payment, it is true, punctually followed, but in what kind of coin will presently appear.

Some days after this discovery,

Hallaweil received an invitation to a hunting-party from the prince, who promised, on this occasion, to pay him half of the debt. The count accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time—about five o'clock in the morning of the 10th of August—repaired to the residence of the prince, where he found a chaise of such small dimensions that it could not possibly contain more than three persons. Hallaweil, therefore, sent back his servant, because the prince seemed unwilling to dispense with his own attendant, who was a native of Italy.

As soon as they had reached the Wiener Wald (the forest of Vienna), the usual hunting quarter of the ambassadors, the breakfast was spread in a meadow, and the sportsmen seated themselves beside it; but scarcely had the count taken his place, when he fell pierced by a ball in the back of his head.

It afterwards appeared that the prince had purchased so small a carriage for the express purpose, that in the execution of his murderous plan he might have no witness, and his victim no assistant; for so fully bent was he upon the assassination of the count, that he even brought with him a pickaxe and shovel, concealed underneath the carriage, in order that the body might be instantly buried upon the spot. The tool whom the prince had hired to execute this atrocious design was an Italian, who had passed the night on this account at an inn near the forest, and had abundant opportunity to take the necessary measures for ensuring success.

The victim being dispatched, his corpse was dragged about a hundred paces to a dark, sequestered dell, to the foot of a tree, which had been marked beforehand for the place of burial by a handkerchief and a provision-basket, both belonging to the assassin. Here it was to have been interred, but the roots of the tree withstood the spade; the body was therefore left upon the ground, after being stripped of some of the most valuable articles, which were worth more than 3000 guilders. This last act of meanness is probably to be ascribed only to the murderer and the servant; for the prince's rapacity was certainly not so extreme as to induce him to enrich himself with the spoils of his victim, though the detestable plan was rather ascribed to this cause than to revenge.

A prodigal, however, such as the ambassador had always shewn himself, could not possibly act in that manner. If, as it is related, he actually sometimes presented ladies of the highest rank with trinkets, which, instead of diamonds and gold, were composed of glass and gilt copper, with the prince's arms engraved upon it, there is no doubt that he was himself deceived in such articles. At any rate, it is not to be supposed, that a man of such immense fortune would become an assassin for the sake of a gambling debt of 51,000 guilders, which he had besides a chance of winning back again. Revenge for injured honour, and not avarice, was certainly the motive that impelled him to hire the Italian for the commission of so execrable a crime.

Towards evening the prince returned from his bloody sport to

Vienna, went to the Countess Rabutin's assembly, and there behaved with the same indifference as if he was come from an ordinary hunting-party. When Count Wenzel Felix, the brother of his victim, and his sister, Countess Wartenberg, inquired of him concerning his companion, he replied, without the slightest embarrassment, that the count had by the way fallen in with a gentleman, whose servants wore yellow liveries; that he had got into his carriage, and was gone with him to Baden. "Most likely," continued he jocosely, "Count Hallaweil was glad to get under shelter, for the tremendous rain soon cooled our ardour for the chase, and I was myself so completely wet, that I was obliged to stop at the inn at Gablitz, where I accidentally met with a Milanese of my acquaintance, whom I brought to town with me."

The prince continued to conduct himself as if nothing was the matter, went into companies and to the play, and on the third day after the deed paid his respects to the emperor; in short, he counterfeited innocence in the most natural manner. So much the more uneasy were the count's relations, who even began to conceive suspicions of the prince; for when Hallaweil did not make his appearance on the second day after the hunting-party, and a messenger dispatched to Baden returned with the intelligence that nobody had seen him there, the only cause to which they could ascribe his absence was mischance or murder.

They now became more urgent with the ambassador for particulars respecting the disappearance of the count; but the prince replied more drily than before, that "he was not the count's keeper, and how was he to know which way he had gone after the rain had broken up the hunting-party?"

Reduced to silence, but by no means restored to tranquillity by this declaration, they besought the emperor to cause the forest to be searched with hounds, as they might perhaps discover some traces that would lead to the developement of the mystery. This was accordingly done. Count Wenzel Felix himself attended. By means of the dogs the corpse was soon found under some bushes, and it was immediately conveyed to Vienna. Here the family would have exhibited it in public, in order to exasperate the people against the prince, who was unreservedly accused of the murder; but this was forbidden by the emperor, who was apprehensive of some gross violation of the rights of ambassadors.

The prince meanwhile had not failed to perceive that guilt dispels the halo which surrounds dignity, and that truth is more mighty than rank. He therefore solicited an audience of the emperor to vindicate his character, and to demand satisfaction for the reports propagated against him by the family of Hallaweil. The monarch, however, refused him admission to his presence. The prince then applied for an interview with the ministers, but with no better success.

He at length repaired, without any previous announcement, to the Bohemian chancellor, Count Kinsky, complained bitterly of the rumours so injurious to his honour and his sentiments that were in

circulation at Vienna, and declared, that unless they were speedily silenced, he would resign his post, that he might have an opportunity of fighting every one who should presume to accuse him of the murder. "Then your excellency will have to fight all the old women in Vienna," was the reply with which the chancellor coolly dismissed the prince, who, almost by a miracle, reached his palace with a whole skin; for the populace had assembled to take summary vengeance on the *Death-ambassador**, the murderer of Count Hallaweil.

De Ligne, justly apprehensive of the worst, now considered himself as no longer safe in his palace, and taking with him a bag full of ancient coins, and a book in which he was accustomed to write down his adventures, he sought refuge in the neighbouring convent of Trinitarian friars. It was not long before he thought it prudent to quit that asylum, as the family of Hallaweil had sworn to have blood for blood. Having, therefore, disguised himself in the habit of a monk, he set out at twelve o'clock at night on the 15th of August, in company with some of the friars, and proceeded to Hainburg, near Presburg, and thence to Wienerisch-Neustadt and Schottwien.—He left behind him, however, letters addressed to Counts Harrach and Kinsky, full of the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, together with the strongest reclamations of his rights and honour.

As soon as it was reported that the prince had fled, several members of the family of Hallaweil pursued him, while others importuned the emperor to send after him an officer of the police with some assistants. Their solicitations were complied with, but the tenor of the orders given to the officer was so equivocal, that he might easily have perceived that the emperor was not very anxious for the apprehension of a criminal, who derived from his diplomatic post a protection not less powerful than unjust.

The officer, however, intent on the conscientious discharge of his duty, overlooked this circumstance, and arrested the ambassador in the night of the 17th of August, at the castle of Schottwien. With the aid of the inhabitants, he secured the fugitive and two monks who accompanied him, upon which he dispatched a courier with the intelligence to Vienna, under the idea, that by his promptitude he had deserved the favour of the emperor. His surprise may, therefore, be conceived, when his messenger returned with directions to release immediately the three monks, the father-ambassador of course included.

The emperor was, in fact, unwilling to sanction any proceedings which might disturb the friendly relations with a court which had for the first time sent an ambassador to Vienna. He, for this reason, placed a guard of 150 men in the prince's palace, at the request of M. de Casto Pigneiro, his secretary of legation, who had fallen sick with vexation, and transmitted

* Such was the name by which he was universally called at Vienna, because at a masquerade during the carnival he had assumed the character of a Moor, but looked, in his silver brocade dress, infinitely more like Death than like his sable model.

an account of the whole affair by a courier to the court of Lisbon, in order to anticipate all misrepresentations and distortions of the truth on the part of the prince.

At Lisbon, however, the matter was not viewed in a very serious light, for the prince possessed influence, was connected with the most distinguished families, and thus found means to obtain the most favourable issue to the process instituted against him in the *Meza di Conscientia*, the supreme court of the kingdom. He grounded his strongest hope upon the circumstance, that no witness could be produced against him; for how was it possible for his prosecutors in Portugal to come at his servant and the Italian bravo! And in case suspicion should attach to him, he insisted that the count had played false, and thereby forfeited all claim to the right of being treated as a gentleman. The first decision of the court, indeed, sentenced the prince to ten years' exile to India, and a fine of 10,000 crusades, yet not as being convicted of the murder, but because he had quitted his post as ambassador without permission. This sentence, however, was not carried into execution; the culprit received a pardon from the king, and thus, on the 4th of February, 1700, after the process had lasted four years and a half, the prince was acquitted, recalled with all his honours into the kingdom, and permitted to kiss the sovereign's hand. The public opinion, a court which seldom errs in its decision, judged him more severely than the supreme tribunal; for the nation congratulated itself on the circumstance, that the person suspected on such strong grounds of so foul a crime was not a Portuguese, but a native of the Netherlands. It was probably for this reason that he soon withdrew from court, and retired to Venice. There he resided as a private individual, devoting himself wholly to his favourite study of antiquities, till his death on the 6th of September, 1710.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER I.

Indeed I cannot help it—however humiliating the confession to the innate pride of the heart, however difficult to be pronounced by the lips of a professed philosopher—still, for the honour of truth, I must acknowledge without reserve, that to nothing but the jostling and shaking of a travelling carriage am I indebted for the recovery of the free use of my moral faculties. With the assistance of the way-wiser*, I could point out on the map the exact spot where I found this and the other good quality which I had been gradually losing in what way it is impossible for me to explain. I was obliged, it is true, to pick them up again one by one; it was many a tedious hour

* A pedometer, or perambulator, applied to a carriage.

before I regained all that had escaped me, and I was forced to turn and wind and try many a posture before I could get into that which was natural to me.

When the intolerable noise and bustle of Berlin were hurrying me away from that city, I shut up my carriage as closely as the cell of a Carthusian, and fancied that I was playing the world an excellent trick in letting down my spring-blinds. The world, however, jogged on just as usual, whilst I, with every stage that brought me nearer to Leipzig, felt more and more severely the unpleasantness of my secluded life. My John managed the business of providing all that was necessary for the progress of his miserable master, and though a thoroughly good fellow, his company in such a restless employment would but have annoyed me. Indeed the evident cheerfulness with which he gazed sometimes at the clouds, and at others at the sheep that we met, was by no means suited to the neighbourhood of my spleen. I wanted a companion who resembled myself, and at the Blue Angel I had the good fortune to meet with one, who was my perfect counterpart, and united in his person all my obstinacy, my dislike of jokes and caresses, my silence, my wrinkled brow, nay even my asthma. You will certainly be delighted to hear that I am not alluding to any human being, but to a pug-dog, which I purchased for a few dollars. The poor beast, though involved so unawares in my peregrinations, yet soon accommodated himself to circumstances; for we might have travelled round the globe together without annoying one another, any more than was absolutely necessary for the indulgence of our mutual humour. At present, indeed, poor Mops is not so indispensable; for a cheerful mind can prize the instinct of joy in subordinate animals, and would assuredly prefer the sprightly greyhound to the snarling pug. Nevertheless, as a subject for reflection my Mops is still of value to me. How often in the feeling of my present happiness do I smile at this faithful picture of my former discontent! and how often as I pass him do I raise my eyes in gratitude to Heaven! Surely this is a sufficient reason for me to keep him, and to make him my companion on my return.

"Who is the ruddy gentleman that is just gone into the house?" said I to the landlord of the Roman Emperor at Frankfurt, while his people were unloading me like some brittle commodity. This question was asked in such a faint, hollow voice that he thought it more urgent to answer my tone than my curiosity. "I will take care that you shall sit next to him," said the man; "he is one of our most eminent physicians."

It was owing to this accident that for the first time for eight days past I listened to the proposals of dining like a human being in the society of my fellow-creatures, for hitherto Dr. A——'s powder, that wonderful antidote against intermittent fevers and foul air, had been my only breakfast. The moment ten o'clock came, even if it overtook me on the descent of the steepest hill, I stopped to co-operate with Dr. B—— against the stone—

at eleven with Dr. C—— against consumption—and at twelve with the celebrated Dr. E—— against the gout, that on the evening of each day I might be the more worthy of Dr. F——'s nutritive soup.

Though I had lived so regularly, yet the moment I entered the room where the *table d'hôte* was held, all eyes were fixed upon me. The guests sidled, terrified, towards one another, and left one whole side of the table for me and the physician, close to whom I placed myself. When I began to look about me, it was easy to perceive in every countenance, what a ludicrous contrast must be formed by the paleness of my face with the jolly appearance of his. I know not how it was, but I could no longer look at his ruddy cheeks without mortification, and at times I was on the point of falling into my old error, and considering his complexion as the livery of ignorance. However, a certain pleasure which the whole company seemed to take in eating under his inspection, spoke loudly in his favour, and repressed every hasty opinion respecting him, till he—alas! but too soon, betrayed himself. I have no doubt often fallen into the hands of more ignorant physicians than he was; but such a votary of intemperance I never met with in the whole profession. All the senses of this *gourmand* were engaged in the animal gratification of his appetite. His eagle eye flew from dish to dish and marked out his distant prey, which he adroitly handed off from before his less attentive companions. He seemed to have hung up his skill, great as it might be, upon the same nail with his hat; to consider medicine as merely a handmaid to the culinary art, and to estimate the reputation of a Fabius Gurges above that of a Galen. At the hour of dinner such a physician is the most useless creature under the sun. God forgive him, I say, for the manner in which he behaved to me! I sat by him in reverential silence, and long waited in vain for the voluntary charity of his notice, which at last I determined to solicit the first moment that his tongue should be at leisure.

After long and patient expectation, the favourable opportunity arrived. The first course was removed, and during a short pause which ensued while the second was brought in, I strove to arrange matters so as to interest the better part of the epicure in my behalf. Vain hope! for just as I was opening my mouth to give him a detail of all my afflictions, a thumping goose, placed upon the table as the principal dish, excited the admiration of the company, and completely absorbed the doctor's attention. The carving of the fowl now left me a very short interval for the execution of my purpose. I mustered all my courage, seized my neighbour's hand, and trusted, by the complimentary turn of my address, to secure a hearing at least till the carver should have finished his task. "Chance," said I, in a timid tone, "has placed a person labouring under severe illness by the side of a celebrated physician. You are doubtless acquainted, sir, with Madai's Treatise *de Morbis occultis*—on the seventh page of that work my ailment is delineated after the life.——But why do you eye me with such significant looks?

I conjure you, most feeling of men, confess without reserve that you despair of my recovery!——But might not a stricter diet than I have hitherto observed contribute to dispel the peccant hum———."

But, gracious Heaven! what unexpected horror here interrupted my heart-breaking period, and froze the word upon my quivering lip! The cruel doctor had listened to me thus far with evident surprise. He now, as if filled with abhorrence of my disease, suddenly pushed back his chair, laconically wished me a good journey, snatched up his hat, and—would you believe it?—fairly left the savoury goose in the lurch, and vanished like the ghost in Hamlet. What an overwhelming stroke! I fancied that on either side of my now insulated chair I beheld a yawning precipice; while the abrupt departure of the doctor and his ominous wish of—"A good journey to you!" instead of the decisive answer which I implored of him, rung in my ears like a *mittimus* to the other world.

The deplorable figure in which as in a mirror I now beheld myself, drove me from the table, and caused my hair to stand erect when breathless with haste I had reached my apartment. To mend the matter, the heat of the ardent Rhenish, of which, after a long abstinence, I had unluckily drunk a whole glass, set my imagination completely on fire. I fancied that in every pulsation I heard the footsteps of approaching Death, and that I already felt one thread of the curious texture which composes mortal man snapping after another. Upon this I fell into metaphysical speculations—the most unprofitable of all—I determined to pursue myself till the final consummation, when the component parts of my being would be divided between two worlds; but fortunately something intervened, and obliged me to defer my grand experiment—a suspension of thought that is more valuable than the clearest ideas, and in the darkness of which I always recovered that wisdom, energy, and dignity of my nature which I frequently lost in the most enlightened circles. But from the years of infancy sleep had never diffused over me such kindly influences as on this occasion; and the idea, "Take courage, live, and hasten back into the arms of Nature!" had taken complete possession of my mind when I awoke with the dawn.

Alas! how many secret avenues to the human heart are open to ill-humour! It overleaps hedges and ditches, and levels the strongest bulwarks; while Joy, with her modest train, pursues the most beaten tracks, is affrighted by every challenge of "Who comes there?" and is often—ah! how often!—scared away by a shadow. The pleasing sensations which during the night had revisited me, scarcely tarried till the hour of breakfast was past, and before I was aware of it, they were "over the hills and far away." To such rare guests, who, moreover, take you by surprise, you hardly know how to behave. I was frightened when I found the nest empty again: things went on in their usual course, and all I can tell you is, that certainly a couple of sourer faces never passed that road than what my Mops and I brought with us in the evening to Heidelberg.

You may refer to other travellers,

if you please, for a description of the enchanting situation of that town. I had no relish for its beauties, and the inn where I put up was not calculated to mend my temper. I disliked the landlord, his rooms were dusty, his beds hard, and his provincial accent offended my ear. I dreamt all night of nothing but the happy morning when I should leave such a disagreeable place; and this impatience had risen almost to fever when the morning arrived.

How much or how little I gained by it, and whether there exists a term expressive of all the unpleasant feelings which accompanied me to Bruchsal, I shall not now inquire: suffice it to say, that I then fancied I might learn these things from a physician, exalted at a little distance from the post-house above a circle of people who sought his aid, and to whom he was dispensing the benefits of his skill and experience in a flood of eloquence. He inspired me with a thorough conviction, that the disease, of which he drew so minute and so frightful a picture, and as a cure for which he offered his Sympathetic Drops, was the same that afflicted me. I pushed through the crowd, planted myself just before his throne, and gaped at him like the rest of his auditors. He was quite a different kind of man from the doctor at the Roman Emperor, who had frightened me so terribly the preceding day.

Laugh not, ye happy mortals who possess the blessing of health, at the victim of hypochondria, contracted perhaps in the composition of works of which you are now deriving the benefit!—laugh not at him, I say, if he cannot withstand the temptation of infallible remedies; laugh not at the afflicted wretches who enrich the empiric, and forgive my penetration, which, under the hussar disguise of this physician, discovered a messenger of Heaven sent for my relief, who favoured me with a bottle of his invaluable tincture for two paltry pieces of gold, and gave me his address into the bargain. With what confidence did I swallow the first spoonful, which he had the kind condescension to pour out for me with his own hands! "You will fall into a sound sleep," said the worthy man, "but be sure and charge your servant to let nothing disturb you during the operation of my medicine."

That great King of France, whose name does not occur to me just now, but whose confessor was obliged to give a written promise in the presence of a notary and proper witnesses, and at the same time to pledge his own salvation, to secure by his arts a place for his majesty in Abraham's bosom, could not leave the world with greater confidence than I pursued my way after I had taken the sympathetic elixir. What the great man had predicted actually came to pass. I fell at the specified time into a truly magic slumber. For twice the usual gratuity the postillion promised me not to use either his horn or his whip. The horses seemed to enjoy an indulgence, such as they had perhaps never yet experienced, and crept like snails over the sand, while Mops and I tried which could snore loudest.

But how shall I express my vexation, when, after a nap of four hours, I was roused, so directly contrary to the instructions of my physician, by an impertinent traveller in a chaise, who drew up just before my carriage, and ordered my driver to stop. "Permit me to ask you, sir," were the first words that struck my ear, "which way you are going."—I raised myself, trembling, on my seat, and stammered like a smuggler before an exciseman: "To Provence, sir."—"But by what road," he inquired; "you will probably pass through Carlsruh?"—I signified the affirmative with a very sullen nod, as I was by no means pleased with the disturbance which his intrusion occasioned.—"Will you then be so obliging," he resumed, "as you have a vacant seat—[Here my four-footed companion sprang up and barked, as if he understood what the stranger was saying,]—to take this poor fatigued young woman—[Something like what he described alighted meanwhile from the chaise]—so far to her mother? Only think, sir, the poor creature lost her way last night in the forest. I was fortunate enough to meet with her and to save her, but business of importance will not allow me to go farther out of my way."

It was impossible for such an application to an obstinate invalid, who was besides roused from his dear-bought slumber, to prove successful. I fancied, moreover, drowsy as I was, that I could perceive, from the condition of her silk cloak, that she had been longer than one night out of the sight of her mother. Her eyes were cast down with becoming modesty at the painful scrutiny of mine, and in anxious suspense awaited my determination. How many things conspired to shut my heart against the poor straggler! I hemmed; and when I was sure of my voice, replied in plain terms, "I can do nothing for you, my good girl. If you could pass the night in such company in the forest without pining after your mother, the remainder of your way home to her will not seem very tedious. Go, go, you have nothing to fear; for if the road were crowded with wolves, they would not hurt such a sweet innocent as you." I laid so strong an emphasis upon the concluding words, and accompanied them with such a significant look, that she instantly drew back out of my way. The stranger himself replied not a syllable to my refusal, mounted his chaise again without concerning himself any farther about his *protégée*, took off his hat to me, and drove away.

Maddened at so unseasonable an intrusion, and full of apprehension respecting the baneful effects that might result from my awaking, I revoked the order which had hitherto tied the hands of my conductor. His horn now sounded the more sonorously; his whip, after long inactivity, now cracked the louder; the fancied happiness of the poor horses was dissipated, and I gained so much by it, that I brought my surly visage to Carlsruh at least an hour before the good-natured fair-one did hers.

[library stamp]

THE WOMAN-HATER CONVERTED.

MADAME MONVAL was at the age of twenty-one the prettiest and most admired widow in Paris. She had been forced to unite herself at the early age of fifteen to M. Monval, who was old enough to be her grandfather, and whose moroseness and severe vigilance made him appear, during the years they spent together, in the character of a gaoler rather than that of a husband. Death at last released the lovely Adrienne from his tyranny, and nobody doubted that she would speedily indemnify herself for all the misery and restraint she had suffered. They were not mistaken; she mingled in every gay scene, appeared to enjoy with the highest relish the pleasures of which she had been so long deprived: but still she was so prudent and circumspect in her conduct, that scandal itself could find no ground to accuse her of an improper attachment; and three years passed without any of her admirers being able to prevail upon her to enter a second time the temple of Hymen. She declared, that she never intended to marry, but young widows are generally prone to say so, and for some time it was received as a matter of course: however, when such a length of time had passed, people began to think she might possibly be in earnest. The *petit-maitres* whom she had refused shrugged up their shoulders at her folly and want of taste, and her female friends commented on her conduct with the good-nature which is usually shewn upon such occasions.

There was one among them, however, who had more penetration than the rest; she divined the cause of this extraordinary resolution: *Madame* was in love, and with a person for whom no one could have thought she ever would harbour a tender sentiment.

The object of her passion was the young Marquis de Rouvigni, a woman-hater of five-and-twenty. He was not handsome; he possessed indeed a good figure, and his pale thoughtful countenance had a degree of intelligence, and at times of sweetness, which might have rendered him a favourite with the fair, had it not been known that he detested them. If others called women vain, selfish, and heartless, he darkened these *amiable* traits, till his philippic generally ended in comparing them to crocodiles, hyenas, every thing, in short, most savage and abhorred in the animal creation.

"The man was a fool and a brute!" exclaims one of my fair readers. Patience, dear madam, I plead guilty in the name of my hero to the first charge, but I utterly deny the last. He was not wise certainly in condemning all women because one had deceived and betrayed him; but so far from being a brute, his heart overflowed with benevolence, and at the moment he was in one of his bitterest moods, if an object of charity, whether male or female, presented itself, his hand opened to relieve, and his heart felt compassion for their sorrows.

"Then," says my fair antagonist, "he was very inconsistent."

Dear madam, are we not all so sometimes? and is not my hero particularly privileged? Who the deuce

would expect consistency from a Frenchman?

To return to Adrienne, this woman-hater, with his dark eyes and intelligent countenance, had given her a disgust to the levity of those by whom she was surrounded. Too delicate to take any step to force herself upon the notice of so abstracted and melancholy a being, she tried to find in dissipation a cure for a passion which she believed hopeless: but this resource was unavailing; she grew thin, her spirits were forced, and she began to think of having recourse to absence, when one day the mother of the marquis paid her a visit.

Madame la Marquise, who had had considerable experience in *la belle passion*, entertained, from trifling causes, very strong suspicions of the partiality of Adrienne for her son. She had long been desirous to see him married; an opportunity now, as she thought, presented itself, and she determined not to lose it. She contrived to draw from Adrienne a confession of her love for the marquis, and she would not leave her till she had exacted a promise, that she would dispense with the little attentions always expected from a lover, and give her hand to De Rouvigni, who was, she declared, very desirous of obtaining it.

Madame la Marquise knew very well, that there was not a word of truth in this declaration, but she relied upon the duty and affection of De Rouvigni, over whom she knew her influence was very great. "He will not," said she mentally, "be able to resist my tears and supplications, and if I can but get him to propose to Madame Monval, I must hurry the nuptials, and try to keep them as much asunder as possible till they are married."

The *marquise* was right in supposing her son would yield to her entreaties, but she was wrong in thinking he would suffer her to impose on Adrienne a belief of a passion he declared himself incapable of feeling. Yet, though incapable of deceiving, De Rouvigni was still less so of wounding the feelings of Adrienne, and their first interview exhibited the rare spectacle of a Frenchman and his mistress looking at each other in silence, and in a state of the most awkward embarrassment.

It was broken at last by the marquis's stammering out his consciousness how unworthy he was to aspire to the honour——A dead pause succeeded, till Adrienne, thoroughly provoked, yet almost unable to suppress a smile, suddenly thought of a way to reconcile her love and her pride.

"I am no stranger," said she, "to the aversion with which you view our sex, and singular as it may appear to you, monsieur, it is because I consider you a decided woman-hater that I have consented to receive your addresses."

The marquis looked at her with astonishment, but without giving him time to reply, she proceeded: "Circumstances, which I may at some future period explain, have given me so decided a disgust to your sex, that I had determined never to marry again: this resolution has been combated unsuccessfully both by my own family and by those who sought my hand; but the continual persecution to which it has exposed me, rendered my

existence so irksome, that I was at last resolved to free myself from it by retiring from the world, which, as I love society, would be to me a real sacrifice, when your proposal, or rather," continued she, with involuntary archness, "that of *madame* your mother, pointed out to me a way to oblige my family, and yet preserve my liberty: a nominal union would satisfy our friends on both sides."

"Your project, madam," interrupted the marquis eagerly, "is charming: I must own, that the treatment I have received from one of your sex renders me invulnerable even to graces and attractions such as your own; but we cannot live wholly for ourselves, and since we fortunately think alike on this point, I need not say more, than that I shall acquiese gratefully in your plan."

If Adrienne was mortified at this ungallant acquiescence, she did not abandon the hope which had induced her to make so singular a proposal. She was young, lovely, and admired; it was therefore natural that she should conceive De Rouvigni's indifference would yield to time. Their nuptials were celebrated: the Parisians wondered for some days at the strange choice of the beautiful widow; *Madame la Marquise* congratulated herself on her excellent management; and our young couple pursued each their respective pleasures and avocations, undisturbed by the cares or the pleasures of matrimony.

Poor Adrienne soon found, that the hope which she had cherished, of gaining, by her wit and graces, that heart invulnerable to the power of her eyes, was likely to prove vain. The marquis shut himself up in his study the greater part of the day, and during the little time he shewed himself at meals, or in company, he was just as gloomy and abstracted as ever. Adrienne began to despair of touching his heart, and a slight indisposition affording her a pretext to leave Paris, she went to spend some time at an estate she possessed a few leagues from the capital.

As the disposition of Adrienne was benevolence itself, her presence spread universal joy among the peasants, who flocked to offer their rustic congratulations upon her return. She inquired why she did not see among them Babet Duparc, a widow to whom and her family she had been very bountiful; and she learned that poor Babet's grand-daughter, the young and blooming Jeannette, had some time before become insane, and was then almost in a dying state.

Adrienne hastened to their cottage, where she beheld a scene which would have softened any heart possessed of common humanity; that of the tender Adrienne melted with pity, while, like a ministering angel, she relieved the wants and soothed the sorrows of the poor old widow, whose last earthly hope was thus torn from her.

Finding that music soothed the wildest paroxysms of the poor maniac's disorder, Adrienne took her lute daily to the cottage, and often played for hours together to the unconscious Jeannette, who sometimes exhibited symptoms of returning reason, and Adrienne hoped that her benevolent pains would be at length rewarded by her reco-

very; but these hopes were vain, she did indeed recover her senses, but it was evident that her life ebbed apace.

It chanced that De Rouvigni was seized with a fancy to pass a short time in the country, and on reaching his *chateau*, and inquiring for his wife, he determined to go to her to the cottage of Babet. He reached it the very moment that the dying Jeannette, whom the *marquise* was supporting in her arms, breathed her last.

Adrienne had supported her spirits as long as she could be useful to the poor sufferer, but the sight of Jeannette's last agonies overcame her, and she would have sunk senseless beside the corpse, had not the marquis, rushing forward, caught her in his arms. She speedily recovered, and he then besought her to quit the awful scene.

"I must not desert my post," replied she, "while any thing remains to be done." Nor did she; she undressed and assisted to place poor Babet in bed, and leaving a proper person to perform the last sad duties to the deceased, she accompanied the marquis back to the *chateau;* but overcome by fatigue and a variety of feelings, she almost immediately retired to her apartment.

The scene which he had just witnessed made a strong impression upon the marquis. The angelic benevolence of Adrienne, the presence of mind she displayed in thinking at so awful a moment of all that was proper to be done, the tender solicitude which she shewed for the poor old infirm sufferer, all placed her in so fascinating, so estimable a point of view, that the marquis was obliged to rally all his prejudices to weaken the impression she had made upon his heart. "She is, like all the rest of her sex," said he mentally, "carried away by the impulse of the moment; besides, it is necessary to her happiness to be admired: in Paris she dissipates her fortune that she may be talked of; here she expends her money in benevolence, but it is for the same purpose."

The moment he had made this reflection, his heart reproached him with its injustice, but he recalled to mind how well the woman who deceived and betrayed him had worn the mask of benevolence and sensibility, and he steeled his heart against his lovely wife by dwelling on these bitter recollections.

Adrienne's hours, meanwhile, were not much more tranquil than her husband's; she would have felt the truest delight from the unusual tenderness of his manner, had she not feared that it had its origin in a natural feeling of humanity. After a sleepless night, she rose early and paid a visit to Babet; she returned to breakfast with the marquis, but she saw with more sorrow than surprise, that every trace of the tenderness of the preceding evening had vanished, and his manner was cold, gloomy, and abstracted as usual.

In a few days he talked of returning to Paris, but he was prevented by an indisposition which confined him for some time to his apartment. His illness was not dangerous, and Adrienne, without affecting any solicitude about him, contrived to pass the greater part of her time in his company. She

had recovered her spirits, and she adapted herself with singular address to his humour; she said little, but that little shewed a mind well cultivated and a brilliant natural genius. The marquis could not help allowing her superiority in these respects to any woman he had ever conversed with. We will not inquire whether her beauty, which the simple attire of the country displayed to the greatest advantage, had any share in inducing him to form this opinion; but it is certain, that more than once, when she had ceased to speak, he caught himself gazing upon eyes whose eloquent expression might have given point to repartees less brilliant than those of Adrienne.

In short, the marquis found his insensibility giving way so fast, that at the end of a few weeks he determined to try to escape by flight from attractions which, in spite of himself, he could no longer behold with indifference.

He would not perhaps have formed this extraordinary resolution, had not the proud and timid Adrienne guarded her secret so carefully, that he did not even guess at the sentiments with which he had inspired her. "I see," cried he, one day after they had had a long conversation, "I see that I am an object of total indifference to her: she seemed pleased even to hear that I was going to return to Paris; but it is so much the better, I shall at least be saved from experiencing again those bitter pangs which female perfidy ever inflict; I will no longer expose myself to her fascinations; I will leave this place immediately."

It was impossible, however, at least the marquis persuaded himself so, to set out that day, and he resolved to dissipate his disagreeable reflections by a ride. Adrienne smiled and bowed to him as he rode from the *chateau*. She remained at the window, lost in thought, for some time after he was gone, till a bustle below stairs drew her attention; she rang to inquire the cause, but no one answered, and she descended herself to see what was the matter. Upon the stairs she met her woman, who, with a countenance filled with horror and alarm, would have opposed her going down; but Adrienne, rushing past her, was in a moment in an apartment, where, extended on a couch, motionless and covered with blood, lay the marquis.

The piercing shrieks, the bitter lamentations of Adrienne, appeared to recall his spirit; he opened his eyes, which he fixed upon her with an expression of tenderness and surprise. At that moment the surgeon, who had been sent for, arrived, and his first act was to order the *marquise* to be led from the apartment while her husband's wounds were examined.

"Oh, no, no! I will be patient, indeed I will, but do not order me to go; I will not, I cannot!"

The surgeon bowed; he seldom contradicted the ladies, and he would not venture to offend the *marquise*. The wound was examined; it was trifling; and our honest son of Æsculapius declared, that as the marquis was in the hands of a man of skill, it was possible he might recover. "Possible!" exclaimed Adrienne; "oh, heavens! is it only possible?" The anguish of her tone was not lost

upon the happy marquis, who, from certain internal symptoms, did not think himself in much danger, and he requested to be left alone with her.

"Compose yourself, my dear Adrienne," said he, when the attendants had departed; "I know the goodness of your heart, and I am sure the humanity which induces you to take so lively an interest for me, will lead you to comfort my poor mother; I shall not, perhaps, survive to see her."

Which of our fair readers will condemn Adrienne when we tell them, that at this moment her whole stock of dissimulation forsook her—she acknowledged the secret she had guarded with so much care; and the transported marquis, thinking probably that an enamoured woman will readily give love the credit of working miracles, told her he already felt himself so much revived by her unhoped-for declaration, that he began to think recovery was possible.

The sequel of our tale may easily be guessed: he recovered not only health but happiness; every day increased his attachment to his Adrienne, whose fond and faithful affection soon weaned him from those prejudices which had given to his character its only shade; while the undeviating sweetness of her temper, and the indulgence with which she treated his little foibles, effectually secured the conquest which her beauty and understanding had gained, and converted the woman-hater into a constant and adoring husband.

ELEANOR JOHNSON.

Thomson did not disdain to borrow his Celadon and Amelia from the misfortunes of peasants.

"There is something so refreshing to the senses in a simple narrative, that we are almost inclined to wonder why so many authors erect themselves on the stilts of verbosity, under the idea of more forcibly laying hold of our feelings." This was the remark of a young lover of literature, who little imagined that the palate of readers required tickling as much as the appetite of the sensualist—of one who seemed to be unaware how much of our pleasure is purchased by variety, and that the charms of simplicity owe their zest and enjoyment to that power to which alone we look for amusement or information. When after poring over the verbose periods of a Gibbon, we take up Hume, our refreshed senses feel the difference; and when from the deeds of the warrior, the misfortunes of kings, and the acts of those whose greatness raises few sighs of compassion from the humble, we turn for amusement only to some simple scene of humble life, we feel the transition as grateful as after toiling over Snowdon or the Alps, we tread the green umbrageous valley of quiet and picturesque repose. The lover of the terrible, the gigantic, and improbable, revels in the dreams of fiction: satiated with the charms of pure nature, his vitiated appetite demands viands of a more pungent sort, but he will not long be a seceder from truth; after reveling in all the machinery of hobgoblins, corri-

dors, and subterranean passages, he will return to the mother church and the pleasure of simplicity.

Perhaps there is as much true pathos in the following letter, written by a girl who poisoned herself from an idea of being neglected by her lover, a *black man*, as is to be met with in any of the love-tales of the present day, the correspondence of the Charlottes and Werters of 1816.

Sept. 24, 1789.

My dear Thomas Cato,

The letter I received this evening makes me very unhappy, to think you should expose me, and say I am deceitful and forget my promises so soon; no, my dear, I am not deceitful, nor did not intend to be. If I had, I should not have given my company to one not of my own colour: likewise, now you think me untrue, you shall have your property returned with pleasure; for was you the finest man my eyes ever beheld, after using me in this manner, I would not make you my husband; but I did intend it from my heart even to this hour, but I am sorry to say I never shall be married, nor ever shall enjoy any thing again. As for you, you never will embrace me again, neither will you have it in your power to speak to me any more, for I am very sure the hour of immortality is drawing very near; I can feel my heart decay very fast; you could not make one recompence for the hurt you have done me with the words of your cruel letter, were you to die at my feet. One favour I beg of you is, if not too much trouble, to see me before I am dead, as I shall not live to be married, or even see another day. Let these few words be printed on your heart, as I am not able to write any more, for my eyes are flowing with tears, and my heart doth ache so, I cannot hold my pen; but I am your sincere well-wisher till death,

E. JOHNSON.

Eleanor Johnson, the writer of the above, was a beautiful young girl, only seventeen years of age, who had that morning poisoned herself at the house of her master, Mr. Fraser, optician, in Old Bond-street. It appeared, on the evidence of the coroner's inquest, that an intimacy had subsisted some time between the deceased and a black man, named Thomas Cato, a native of the East Indies, on whom she had fixed her affections; that on the preceding Thursday she had received a letter from him, wherein he accused her of deceit, which letter she had burned. The contents of this epistle produced her fatal resolution: she wrote him the above letter, which she meant to have forwarded by the penny-post, and afterwards purchased three-pennyworth of white mercury at an apothecary's, under the pretext that it was to kill rats. Between twelve and one in the morning she executed her dreadful purpose. Having previously mixed the poisonous drug in some liquid, she rung the bell violently twice, which being answered by a domestic, she said, "Call my mistress directly, for I am very ill;" but before her mistress could reach her apartment she was insensible, and expired in great torture. The black, when examined before the jury, appeared so ignorant and illiterate, that nothing could be collected

from his evidence, nor the purport of the letter he sent be come at, but when her letter to him was read he wept bitterly. The jury brought in a verdict of *Lunacy* against Eleanor Johnson.

VERITAS.

THE MURMURER CORRECTED:

AN EASTERN TALE.

As the fisherman Hassan was returning to his hut, he met the splendid retinue of the grand vizier, and obtained, for the first time, a sight of Mustapha, the vizier himself. Nature and Fortune had showered their gifts on Mustapha with unsparing bounty. To the first he owed a manly and graceful person, and talents which rendered him the favourite of his royal master, and the idol of the nation; and to the latter he was indebted for riches said to be inexhaustible. Peace and joy appeared to have taken up their dwelling in the heart of Mustapha, whose open forehead and unclouded brow proclaimed a mind at ease, while his full blue eye glanced with benign solicitude among the throng, as if seeking objects for the exercise of those benevolent feelings which constituted his greatest pleasure.

Until this moment, the fisherman, although one of the poorest inhabitants of Bagdad, had been contented; but the sight of the pomp with which the vizier was surrounded, the expression of happiness that beamed in his countenance, and the praises and blessings that followed his footsteps, raised the baleful spirit of envy in the heart of Hassan. "How unequally," murmured he to himself, "does Alla deal with his creatures! Mustapha, like Hassan, descends from an obscure and lowly stock, yet even in the first dawn of youth his sovereign's favour shone upon him; honours and dignities have followed each other, till the once lowly Mustapha owns no superior but our lord the caliph: while I, condemned to daily toil and scanty fare, know no intervals from labour but the few hours I snatch for repose, and even those are sometimes abridged that I may labour to procure bread.

Lost in these gloomy reflections he entered his hut, and his affectionate Zemira flew as usual to welcome him; but he turned coldly from her, and repulsing the fond solicitude with which she sought to discover the cause of his melancholy, retired to his couch, that he might meditate undisturbed upon his lot.

Every moment increased his disgust of it; and the evil genii, whose delight it is to plunge the children of men into guilt and misery, already exulted in their prey. Ulla, the protectress of Hassan, saw his lapse from virtue with sorrow, and hastened to present herself before him. The eyes of Hassan were dazzled by the brilliant light which shone round the form of the genius, and, invoking the name of Alla, he hastened to prostrate himself before her.

"Rash and impious Hassan," cried Ulla, "darest thou invoke

the name of him whose justice even now thou hast presumed to question? Looking only on the pomp by which Mustapha is surrounded, thou disregardest the thousand cares of greatness, and, envious of his supposed happiness, forgetest that his condition may in reality be more wretched than thine own."

Hassan ventured not to contradict the genius, but in his heart he still thought the lot of Mustapha blissful; and Ulla, to whom his secret soul was known, indignantly continued: "Deaf to the voice of truth, thou dost deserve to perish in thine error, but he who extends his mercy even to the meanest of his creatures, permits me thus once to impress conviction on thy mind." So saying, she breathed upon Hassan, who instantly found himself transported to the interior of Mustapha's palace. "Observe what thou seest in silence and attention; thou art thyself invisible to human eye," said the genius, and instantly disappeared.

Mustapha, whom Hassan expected to have found peaceably reposing upon his couch, was perusing, with an air of deep attention, a scroll which lay before him. In a few moments he gave a start of horror, and exclaiming, "Oh, gracious Alla! it cannot be!" again perused the scroll with eagerness. Never before had Hassan beheld anguish so excruciating as was painted in his countenance—that countenance so lately the seat of happiness. After a short pause he summoned a slave, and ordered him to conduct his son instantly into his presence. The slave obeyed, and Hassan, who himself was childless, gazed with admiration upon the form of the youthful Sadak, in which manly beauty and grace were exquisitely blended, and with a bitter sigh he murmured to himself, "Happy, thrice happy Mustapha! in every way the favourite of Alla."

The youth bent before his father, and in a voice of humility desired to hear his commands. "I sent for thee, my son, to receive them for the last time," replied Mustapha: "thou knowest how deeply I, the humblest of his slaves, am indebted to the bounty of our lord the caliph; raised by him from the dust, I have had the happiness for more than twenty years, in which I have enjoyed his smiles, to see that tranquillity, which my humble efforts so long ago restored, reign uninterrupted in his kingdom: the moment is now approaching in which it will become a prey to civil war. Finish, my son, the work thou hast begun; plunge thy dagger in the heart of thy unfortunate father, that heart to which, by thine ingratitude and treason, thou hast already given a mortal wound."

Bathed in tears, Sadak threw himself at the feet of Mustapha, and disclosed to him the whole of the conspiracy so nearly ready to burst forth. Mustapha heard with horror, that the brother of his sovereign was at the head of a plot to dethrone him; and three of his friends, men who owed him boundless gratitude, were the first movers of this horrible treason. "Oh, Heaven!" cried the unfortunate Mustapha, "is it for this that I have for years, under the specious mask of greatness, been a devoted slave to the welfare of my country? that I have given up the joys

of humble life to insure, as I hoped, the prosperity both of my sovereign and his people; and do I now find those, in whom my very soul confided, false equally to both?" His agony now grew too great for speech, but a few moments of recollection restored him to himself. "Fly!" cried he to his son, "fly, wretched Sadak! ere thy father sees himself compelled to surrender thee to the vengeance of his lord."

The youth in vain begged that he might stay and yield his forfeit life in expiation of the crime he had committed, but the feelings of the father overpowered the rigid justice which he would have exercised had Sadak's penitence been less sincere, and hastily disguising him in the dress of a slave, he intrusted him to the care of his faithful Massoud, and then quitted his chamber to take measures for preventing, if possible, the dreaded evil.

At this moment the genius appeared before Hassan, who, abashed and repentant, hastened to acknowledge his error. "The prudence and activity of Mustapha," cried Ulla, "will avert the threatened storm; he will succeed in saving his country from the horrors of civil war, but he must yield up to the severe justice which their crimes have provoked, men who have for years been the chosen friends of his bosom. His son, repentant too late, will pine a few months in exile, and then expire uncheered by a father's blessing and forgiveness."

"Oh, wretched Mustapha!" exclaimed Hassan, whose heart, now freed from the baleful passion of envy, melted with pity, "what misery can equal thine?"—"Again, presumptuous mortal, art thou mistaken," cried the genius, with a severe frown; "the extreme of misery is the lot of guilt alone. Mustapha, just and pure of heart, feels his misfortunes keenly, for in his son and the friends he has lost centered all his earthly happiness; but he has never forgotten the frail tenure by which all earthly enjoyment is held, and, bending in meek submission to the will of Alla, he looks forward to the reward promised, in another world, to those who walk stedfastly in the paths of virtue."

As the genius spoke she breathed upon Hassan, who found himself again by the side of his Zemira on his couch. He lifted up his heart in gratitude for the admonition bestowed upon him, and implored the pardon of Heaven for his impious murmurs. Never again did the clouds of discontent lower upon the brow of Hassan; grateful for the good, and patient under the evil, which Providence had allotted to him, he never failed, if tempted to murmur, to recall the scene he had witnessed in Mustapha's palace, and bless Alla for his happier lot.

THE BUDGET OF A PARISIAN ELEGANTE.

THE young and beautiful wife of a wealthy Parisian financier last year contracted numerous and considerable debts. While her husband was the whole day long engaged in affairs of business, madame

devoted herself solely to the toilette and to pleasure. When he gained money at the Stock Exchange, she lost it at the *bouilotte*-table; and, in short, she was as careless and prodigal as he was regular and industrious. In the first year of his marriage he either did not, or would not, notice his wife's extravagance, but he could no longer conceal it from himself, because her creditors beset him in crowds. Being, however, tenderly attached to her, he cheerfully paid their demands, and merely gave her an admonition, in which he talked a good deal about interest, deficits, &c. His fascinating spouse promised amendment, and to balance her expenses and receipts; peace was restored, and a second year passed without any fresh accounts. "My dear," said the astonished husband at the conclusion of it, "you have kept your word, but I cannot conceive how you could contrive to dress with such elegance, and to follow all the fashions, without running in debt."—"I have made a Budget," replied the lady.—"A Budget! how should you know what a Budget is?"—"Oh, yes! I know it very well; have taught my female friends how to make a Budget too, and they find it an admirable thing. I have instructed my *femme de chambre* to keep my books with the utmost regularity."—"My angel, you transport me; you have learned so much from me, even the technical expressions, that I could find in my heart to make you my cashier. But let me see your Budget."

Budget of Madame D * * * *.

Francs.

1. To the *Marchande des Modes* 1500

"That seems a large sum."

"But only consider that she has to supply what is requisite for the most interesting part of my person; that she has to make me appear languishing or *piquante*, melancholy or enchanting, according to circumstances."

2. To the *Friseur* 1200

"That is a prodigious sum of money!"

"A celebrated artist cannot be too well paid. *Entre nous*, he dressed my hair to-day after an antique gem, which has never been seen by a single connoisseur."

3. To the Dress-maker . . . 2700

"Gracious Heaven! all that money merely for *façons!*"

"But recollect how she works! what graceful forms she can give! how admirably she sets off my neck and shoulders, and knows how to conceal every little defect in the shape!"

4. To the Mercer for silks and other stuffs 8000

"But pray what have you done with all the clothes that I gave you?"

"They were no longer in the modern taste—not ethereal enough by a great deal."

5. To the Shoemaker 600

"Upon my word, for a woman who never walks on foot, that is rather too much."

"What! I never walk! Have not I spoiled twenty pair of white shoes at the Museum, and as many with the steps of the theatres? and then our cousin sometimes under the table is clumsy enough to"——

Francs.

6. To the Perfumer 2000

"Quite incomprehensible, upon my word."

"You forget that at twenty one wants cosmetics, essences, elixirs, *eau virginale*, night-gloves"——

7. For fine linen and embroidery 9000

"That is too bad! Indeed this is intolerable!"

"My dear, you don't know what you are talking about. Don't I receive my most intimate friends in bed? and don't I then want caps and corsets *à l'enfant*, and camisoles of all kinds?"

8. To the Groom 1000

"That seems to me a very needless expense."

"A very necessary one, you mean. To walk fatigues me; a coach gives me *ennui*; riding on horseback improves the health, and imparts grace to all the motions."

"Well, let us now add up." ——

Total, 26000

"I thought what a pretty Budget you would make of it. Why, I have not allowed you more than half this sum."

"That is true, but by a financial operation I have contrived to"——

"You have anticipated?"

"No."

"Or retrenched?"

"No, my dear; I have placed half of my creditors in *arrear*; my Budget is correct."

"What an extraordinary wife have I!" exclaimed the husband; "she will certainly make me either a Crœsus or a beggar!"

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

An officer of the militia of Zurich, stationed in a village of one of the catholic cantons of Switzerland, was once called by business to the capital of the latter. On his return, not far from the gate of the town, his eye was caught by a fine boy, apparently about two years old, running along by the side of an old woman, who held him by the hand. The child's lovely face, his golden locks, and his sprightliness, were irresistibly attractive. The officer stopped, offered his hand to the little urchin, and in a tone of kindness inquired of the old woman the name of the boy. "His name is Francis Joseph," replied she, "and he comes from your canton, sir." Without any particular motive, but merely out of curiosity, he asked to what parish the child belonged; and was told, to his surprise, the same in which his own home was situated. His attention being roused by the circumstance, he inquired the boy's surname, and was still more surprised on hearing the old woman pronounce that which he bore himself. She could not help noticing his astonishment, and examined his face more closely. "Surely," said she, "it must be his father's brother. You certainly resemble him." Overpowered by surprise, he was for some moments without power to reply, but soon recovering himself, he clasped the infant in his arms, and, with a tone of the deepest emotion, exclaimed, "And art thou then the child of my unfortunate brother?" Farther questions and explanations convinced him that

this was really the case. He complied with the urgent entreaty of the boy's grandmother to accompany them to her humble cottage, where he might speak to the child's mother, whom this unexpected meeting was destined to introduce to his acquaintance as his brother's wife.

Circumstances, which it would be unnecessary to detail here, had caused his brother, after the death of his first wife, to leave his home and children. In a distant canton he thoughtlessly contracted a second marriage with a Catholic; but after the expiration of a year, misled by bad company, he entered into foreign military service, leaving his wife and boy to abject poverty. The deserted wife might, indeed, have taken the child to his father's home, and have claimed a provision there for herself also. But this proposal, which was made to her, was combated by filial affection for her aged mother, a widow, whom she had hitherto cared for and supported. The dutiful daughter preferred extreme poverty to a separation from her mother or from her child. While she by the labour of her hands earned a scanty pittance for all three, the grandmother acted the part of a tender nurse to the child. The hope of more easily finding a subsistence induced them to remove from their former residence to a village in the vicinity of the chief town of the canton, and here it was that the good old creature and her grandson so accidentally attracted the notice of the officer.

The wretched hut, together with all the other symptoms of the poverty of the inhabitants; the mother busy at her work, and whose looks betrayed profound grief; the expressions of surprise and astonishment from them all; the simple story of the honest, communicative old woman concerning their fortunes—contributed to render this scene a moving one for the officer. A feeling of the deepest compassion was excited in his bosom. He pitied the lot of the mother, and still more that of the boy. "Innocent child!" he exclaimed, "thou shalt not be forsaken!" He had at home, it is true, several children of his brother's by his first marriage, who were brought up by himself and his wife like their own offspring. But his heart was so unexpectedly interested by Providence itself in behalf of this infant, whom he had never seen before, that he deemed himself bound to obey the generous impulse of his soul as the voice of God. "Thou, too," said he, "shalt find a father in me, as thine has abandoned thee!" He knew the excellent disposition of his wife, whose sentiments corresponded with his own, and was confident that she would not hesitate to receive this child of his brother's into her family. He therefore desired that the boy might be given up to him as soon as possible, for the purpose of being sent to his home.

This proposal awakened all the tenderness of maternal love, and the faithful attachment of the grandmother. The former took the child in her arms, and, speechless with sorrow, pressed him with a flood of tears to her bosom. The infant himself clasped his little arms about her neck, as if afraid of being separated from her. "The loss of this child would be my death," cried the grandmother.

"No, I will faithfully nurse and attend him as heretofore. Let us keep him, at least, till he is old enough to require instruction in your religion; and if you are disposed to do any thing for us, bestow such relief as your heart suggests; for we are poor, and my unfortunate daughter is obliged to support both me and her child!"

It was impossible to withstand such a petition. The officer made them a liberal present, and promised them farther relief. He encouraged the mother and daughter to continue to take the greatest care of the boy, firmly resolved to receive him when a little older into his family.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIII.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus. VIRG. *Æn.* l. iv. v. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I SHALL not alarm my readers with the apprehension that I am about to enter into so wide a field of discussion, as the contests which so frequently take place between ladies and gentlemen concerning the comparative perfections of their respective sexes; my present object being no more than to state certain opinions respecting them, which a few evenings ago were let loose in a small party where the subject was accidentally started. Being myself a female, I may be supposed to entertain certain prepossessions, and being a Tattler also, that I should be very loquacious in defending them; but my office is, to display the sentiments of others, and only in a dearth of them, to offer my own.

The company to whom I have alluded, consisted of three gentlemen and an equal number of ladies. Two of them were man and wife, and had been some time married; one was an elderly gentleman, Mr. Oddfish, who had never sacrificed to Hymen; another was a lady, Miss Languish, who, though on the verge of ancient virginity, appeared still to entertain the hope that she should not be finally destined to lead apes in hell. The remaining pair, Mr. Oglethorpe and Miss Bluebell, were young, lively, perfectly well-bred, and very agreeable; and, as I have since heard, have such favourable dispositions towards each other, as render their jaunt to matrimony a matter of general expectation in the circle of their acquaintance.

It is not necessary for me to enter into, or rather repeat, the conversation which introduced the subject; it will be sufficient for me to mention, that Mrs. Grumpish, the married lady, replied to an observation of Mr. Grumpish, "O yes, to be sure, you are my lord and master, that's certain; yes, yes, you men are mighty fond of being thought the lords of the creation." —"And so we are," answered he, "or why, on a certain occasion, did you pronounce the acknowledgment at the altar when you vowed and promised obedience to me? The question now is, whe-

ther you have kept that promise, and are not at this moment guilty of a kind of matrimonial treason, by flying in the face of your husband, who is, by every law human and divine, your sovereign lord and master. My dear Alice, do remember that emphatic word—OBEY.—"A fine story indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. G——, with a flirt of her ridicule: "I did use the word *obey*, but that was a mere word of form, and just as of much force as another part of the same delightful ceremony, in which you promised to *worship* me, and endow me with all your *worldly goods*. Remember that, Mr. Grumpish; and the company will be the judges in what manner you perform your part of the engagement. And as for your endowment of worldly goods, they will form a pretty correct idea when I tell them, that my fortune of twenty thousand pounds was paid to relieve your estate from certain endowments called mortgages: but, thank Heaven, I have pretty near that sum free from any controul or power of any husband; and if the law has made you master over me, the same power has made me mistress over that; and so, my sovereign lord and master, look to your good behaviour, and let me hear no more of the fiddle-faddle of obedience."

"O fie, madam!" interposed Miss Languish, "you cannot mean what you say. The marriage ceremony is of a very solemn nature, and I cannot but think that it becomes every lady who engages in it, to adhere to what she then promises to fulfil. For my own part, when I am called to perform the duties of a wife, I shall return the protection which is afforded me by my husband, by submitting to the power that gives it me."

Mr. Oddfish drew his chair nearer to the lady, offered her some sweetmeats from his *bonboniere*, and wished he had something more presentable to a lady of her admirable sense and understanding.—"You had better present yourself, Mr. Oddfish," said Mrs. Grumpish, with a loud horse-laugh; "but if she accepts you as a sweet-meat, she will find you a dried one." The old bachelor lifted up his eyes and shrugged his shoulders, and cast a humble kind glance towards Miss Languish, who, as if she had not heard what had been just said, with an air of *badinage*, asked another similar gift of Mr. Oddfish, and threatened to empty his box. Miss Bluebell, who had been some time upon the titter, now burst into a loud laugh, but at what, or at whom, my readers are as well qualified to indulge a conjecture as myself.

"Now is the time," said Mrs. Grumpish, "to laugh, my dear young lady; you are young, and handsome, and born to fortune, so that you may marry when you please, but if you will take my advice, do not be in a hurry to have a lord and master; at least you will have better luck than most of our sex, if matrimony does not clothe that smiling face and lively pleasantry of yours with serious looks and grave airs."—"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the young beauty; "besides, Mr. Oglethorpe has just told me, that I was made to laugh and to command during the rest of my life."—"I do not doubt it, my dear," replied Mrs. Grumpish. "I

had as much flattery in my time as you have now. There is my delightful husband, who pretends to be asleep, to escape the trimming he had a right to expect from me; for six months before our marriage, he talked of nothing but love and adoration and idolatry. The pride of his life would be to wear my chains, to be my devoted and faithful slave: he was to know no wish but mine; he was to live only in my looks, and to bask only in my smiles. In short, he continued to repeat all his love-sick asseverations till I was persuaded to believe them true, and marry him; and now he tells me, and boasts before this company, that he is my lord and master, and that it is my duty to yield to him a constant, humble, and submissive obedience. But I will make him recall his words, and set you an example, Miss Bluebell, how you are to act, when your husband begins to forget himself so egregiously as even to hint, much more when he openly supports the odious doctrine."

The conversation continued, with little novelty, or at least with no opinion that would justify a repetition from me, when Mr. Oddfish, after he had delivered up his whole store of sweet-meats to Miss Languish, was pleased to observe, that there was a lady in company, meaning myself, who had not favoured them with a single observation on this interesting subject; and, in short, so much was said upon my silence, that I felt it would not be consistent with good manners if I obstinately continued to maintain it.

I shall not repeat the common-place observations I was induced to make upon the nature of the matrimonial contract, the means of matrimonial happiness, and the conduct most conducive to it; but shall proceed to give verbatim a very charming allegory perfectly suited to the occasion, whose outline I could only repeat from memory to them; but as, in no very favourable state of mind, it appeared to satisfy my hearers, I have little doubt but it will be received with approbation by my better prepared and more unprejudiced readers, when I relate it at large.

This allegory is founded on the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes; and, as it appears to me, with no less fancy than truth, which are not always found in harmony with each other, places these contentions in a point of view that may equally please and instruct. This allegorical apologue is as follows:—

The two sexes, contending for superiority, were once engaged in war with each other; which, however, appears to have been carried on by their auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on one side of a very spacious plain, and the Females on the other; a large interval remained between, in which their respective auxiliaries might engage. At each extremity of this intermediate space lay encamped several divisions of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*, that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onset, and confiding in the boldness of his attack and

evident superiority of his strength, expected a certain and easy victory; while *Beauty* displayed such witchery in her looks, as to render his prowess and all its efforts of no avail. Such was the power of her glances and her smiles, and with such resistless graces did she engage her foe, that, having first overpowered his strength, she did not fail to disarm him.

At this moment he felt that he was conquered, and was about to sue for life and mercy from the victorious heroine, when *Wisdom*, who commanded the right wing of the male army, would have turned the fate of the day, had he not been suddenly opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but on this occasion was appointed to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. The spectators beheld with admiration the skill of the combatants, as it appeared in the conduct of the one and the stratagems of the other. They each, at different periods of the contest, had their respective advantages. Victory seemed to be alternately promised to them both, but the advantage was, upon the whole, considered to be in favour of the female commander.

In the mean time the battle began to rage with great fury in the left wing of the army, where success seemed io predominate in favour of the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*; and on the female by a general whose title was *Scorn*. The latter, who fought after the manner of the Parthians, had an evident advantage through the early part of the day; but, being tired out by the manœuvres of the enemy, who, as often as they were repulsed, never failed to rally and renew the contest, they were, in this harassed state, about to submit to the cool and exhausting energies of the superior enemy, when a body of the neutral forces was seen in motion, and suspended the design. The leader was of a gigantic stature, and a wild, disgusting aspect; his name was *Passion*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces commanded by a young officer who had the face of a cherub, and whose title was *Modesty*. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine form and stern demeanour, distinguished by the name of *Honour*. They made an obstinate and a noble defence, and more than once forced the enemy to retreat; but this furious spirit at length prevailed, and they were finally compelled to yield at discretion. But the advantages gained by this monster were of short duration; for while he was attacking both armies with promiscuous fury, *Reason* appeared with his compact and well-disciplined squadrons, and after a short but severe contest drove him from the field.

After a great slaughter on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against the common foe; and for this purpose a small band was selected, whom they placed under the conduct and subject to the sole command of *Virtue*. The success of this hero was complete, and *Passion*, with all his base, corrupt, and profligate adherents, was forced to submit to the arms and

receive the captive chains of the conqueror.

On the acquisition of this victory, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a numerous body of winged boys, who threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among the contending parties: but the wounds which they gave were not the wounds of an enemy; so far from being mortal, or even attended with danger, they were, on the contrary, pleasing to those who felt them; and had even the strange, unexpected effect of producing a warm, active spirit of mutual reconciliation, friendship, and attractive good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial and animated regard on each other, and stretched out their arms, as the signal of those embraces which soon followed.

The last commander of the neutrals who appeared was *Hymen;* he marched immediately after *Love*, and quickening the fond inclinations which had been inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

Here I declared my story to be completed; when Mrs. Grumpish asked her *lord and master*, as she sarcastically called him, whether he remembered any thing of such an engagement; when he replied, that the story was imperfect, and desired me to inform the company how often it happened after this general pacification, that the individual parties recommenced private hostilities. A pretty general laugh ensued upon this interrogation, and as general good-humour prevailed through the remainder of the evening.

F—— T——.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF NOVEL-READING EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF RUTH RUEFUL.

Mr. EDITOR,

IF you are old, ill-natured, and wear a wig and spectacles, I beg you will not take the trouble to read this letter, because I am certain you will neither sympathize in my misfortunes, nor assist me with your counsel; but if, on the contrary, you are young, amiable, and possessed of that best gift of Heaven, sensibility, read, commiserate, and, if you can, advise me.

I may say, sir, without hyperbole, that my sorrows commenced with the first dawn of my existence, for on the very day of my birth my father and mother agreed (for the first and last time that they ever to my knowledge thought exactly alike) in giving me the odious appellation of Ruth. There was an act of barbarous and irremediable cruelty for you! Any other name one might have done something with; an *ina*, an *etta*, or an *anna*, would have rendered Bridget, Rose, or Jane, more than passably decent. Molly, Betty, or Kitty, could have been transformed into Maria, Elizetta, or Catharina; even Grizzle could have been softened down to Griselda: but Ruth, odious Ruth, defies all the powers of invention to render it any thing but what it is.

I must, however, confess, that

although they have done me this irreparable injury, my parents were, in other respects, good sort of people; their faults sprang only from a wrong education, and of course you may suppose they gave me just such another. In fact, during the lifetime of my mother, who lived till I was nearly fifteen, I vegetated in a manner of which I cannot bear the remembrance, although I then, I blush to say it, thought myself very happy.

Being an only child, I was passionately beloved by both my parents, and carefully instructed in all the accomplishments generally bestowed upon young women of moderate fortune; but my mother prohibited all novels and romances, and, but for a fortunate chance, I should in all probability have remained for ever ignorant of those delightful works, the knowledge of which has called forth all the energy and sensibility of my character.

My grief for my mother was so great, that, in order to divert it, my father brought home a cousin of ours to superintend his family concerns, giving her, at the same time, a strict charge to endeavour by every means to divert my mind, and prevent it from dwelling upon my recent loss. As the readiest way of doing this, she persuaded me to read romances, which she said would transport me into a new world; and so indeed they did: but no sooner did my father discover the course of study I was pursuing, than he turned my cousin out of doors, and declared, in a violent rage, he would burn all my cursed books if he could but once lay his hands upon them.

You may readily suppose, Mr. Editor, I did not lose so charming an opportunity of shewing papa how much my morals had benefited by the perusal of those delectable volumes. Throwing myself at his feet, I declared, while tears streamed from my eyes, that though by depriving me of the solace of my existence, I was certain he would shorten my days, yet he should be obeyed; for the works he so highly reprobated taught me, that it was my duty to sacrifice even my life at the command of its venerated author.

I must do my father the justice to say, that he performed his part of this pathetic scene admirably. He raised me in his arms, and, fondly embracing me, exclaimed, "Heaven forbid I should desire any thing that could harm my precious Ruth! I have been too hasty, and my dear girl must do as she pleases. You know, my love, I never interfered in your pursuits during the life of your excellent mother; and I feel that I have not now the heart to be arbitrary, though perhaps I ought to be so. I know, my child, you have an excellent understanding, and I will provide you with a companion, whose good sense and amiable example will, I hope, remedy the mischief done by the serpent whom I have driven from my house."

I would have said something in behalf of my poor friend, but he hastily quitted me; and the next day he brought home the orphan daughter of one of his particular friends. This girl, whose name is Anne Jervas, soon became a wonderful favourite with my father; but more of her anon.

Some years glided away, ren-

dered tolerable only by the perusal of my favourite authors. I studied incessantly the behaviour of all our celebrated heroines in trying and delicate situations, and longed impatiently for the time in which I should play my part on the busy scene; but, alas! Mr. Editor, how shall I acknowledge the mortifying truth? I am now near nineteen, and I have not, with blushes let me own it, met with a single adventure. This cannot arise from my being in any respect deficient in those qualities which constitute a heroine; and as to my person, at one time I must own that I was rather plump, and had a vulgar appearance of health, but, thanks to tight stays and vinegar, I am now just such a figure as the lovely Harriet Byron is depicted while she was suffering under the agonies of suspense about Sir Charles Grandison—pale, delicate, and interesting: but, alas! the luxury of woe, of which the fair Harriet enjoyed such an ample portion, is withheld from me; and if I do not strike a bold stroke by throwing myself in the way of adventures, I am much afraid that I shall be doomed to pass my life in what my father calls quiet comfort. Oh! Mr. Editor, the very idea of such a fate suffuses my eyes with tears of the most poignant sorrow! Do, pray do! I conjure you in the sacred name of Sympathy, pity me, and teach me how to avoid it!

I had some reason to hope the other day that I should at last meet with a most heroine-like persecution, which might finally have led to an elopement, and all its delightful consequences. An old friend of my father's returned from the Continent, where he has resided for a considerable time; he was accompanied by his son, who is just five years older than myself; he is said to be sensible and accomplished, and I must own that he is handsome and prepossessing. My father was overjoyed to see his old friend, and in the excess of their satisfaction at meeting, they formed a plan to pass the rest of their days together, the foundation of which was to be the union of their children. The next day my father communicated to me their intended plan, which he said wanted only my concurrence, as my destined husband had expressed his perfect acquiescence. I acted upon this occasion strictly according to rule; I assumed an air of the deepest distress, and declared that death itself would be preferable to such a union.

As my father's temper is rather hasty, I fully expected a burst of indignation; but what was my surprise when he said quietly, "Well, my dear, I am very sorry to hear you express so much repugnance to a measure which would render me perfectly happy, but no violence shall be offered to your inclinations, and since you are so unfortunately averse to it, you shall hear no more of it." Conceive my disappointment, Mr. Editor; but I was still more vexed at dinner, when the odious man treated me with the most perfect though polite indifference. In the whole course of my reading, I never met with any thing like this provoking incident, the bare recollection of which absolutely brings tears into my eyes.

But the worst is still to come. I

have informed you that Anne Jervas was a great favourite with my father, and as she really is a quiet good sort of unpretending being, I liked her well enough to endeavour to enlighten her ideas a little; but when I talked to her of the sweet bitterness which springs from the indulgence of refined feelings, and invited her to join in my studies, she laughed at what she had the impertinence to call my mania for romance, and assured me that my studies answered no other purpose than to unfit me for playing either an estimable or useful part in life. You will naturally conclude, that between a being of such confined ideas and myself no intercourse of soul could possibly subsist. I must, however, do her the justice to say, that though destitute of refined feelings, she abounds with what is called good-nature. She will trudge about in all weathers, explore the most dirty and disagreeable habitations, and deny herself every thing, in order to relieve vulgar distress. As to her person, it is not absolutely bad; but I must say, without vanity, she has rarely been looked at a second time when I was present. Yet, would you believe it, Mr. Editor? this girl, or rather, I should say, woman, for she is near three-and-twenty, has absolutely captivated my rejected lover, and the day is fixed for their nuptials!

Do not suppose I care a farthing about it; no, sir, I despise the creatures too much; all that provokes me is, to think how shockingly this incident will read in my memoirs, which I am now writing in seven volumes. If my father had been properly arbitrary, and Anne dying for my swain, who ought to have rendered himself sufficiently interesting to vanquish my indifference, what a glorious opportunity should I then have had for the display of every sublime and tender feeling! I could have assumed an air of calmness while my heart was torn with conflicting passions, and charged my lover to give up all hopes of a union with me, and bestow his hand upon the lovely drooping sufferer, in whose heart his image was enshrined. He, of course, would have remonstrated according to rule, but his reluctance must have given way to my entreaties, and the pallid cheek and disconsolate air of Anne. With good management I might have made almost a volume of this incident, and now it must either be hurried over or suppressed; and indeed I think the latter would be the wisest measure.

Now do, dear Mr. Editor, point out to me, if you can, some plan by which I may emerge from my present obscurity. I assure you, that neither danger nor distress shall intimidate me from displaying my energies, if I can but resolve upon any regular plan. I really think I ought to quit home, because I have observed of late that a young gentleman, who used to be reckoned a very lively good-humoured fellow, has grown pale and thin, and, as I often catch his eyes fixed upon me, there can be no doubt of my being the cause. Now by absenting myself, I shall generously give him an opportunity of conquering his growing passion; and, at the same time, in the perilous situations which I hope and believe I shall encounter, I can display a

strength of understanding, a rectitude of principle, a nice sense of propriety, and, above all, a melting sensibility, equal, if not superior, to any heroine of them all. If, however, Mr. Editor, you can devise a better plan, you will, by communicating it immediately, essentially serve, and for ever oblige, your very humble servant,

RUTH RUEFUL.

EXHIBITION OF COPIES FROM ITALIAN AND SPANISH PICTURES AT THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FOR three days during the middle of last month, the GALLERY of the BRITISH INSTITUTION was thrown open to the votaries of art and their friends, for the inspection and examination of the copies and designs taken by students from the splendid collection of ITALIAN and SPANISH PICTURES which adorned the last summer's Exhibition at this gallery.

The copies we have seen display the great practical benefit which the art of painting is calculated to receive from the patronage and encouragement of the directors of the British Institution. Those munificent patrons of the art, besides furnishing the artist with some of the finest models of the perfection to which his pencil attained, lay open to him also the best sale-room in the kingdom for the disposal of his pictures. To the student they afford a school for study, and a reward for meritorious exertion. It is, further, impossible to overlook a consideration to which perhaps the foregoing do not yield; we mean the taste for pictures which is diffused among the community by the plan pursued at the Institution, and the popularity which the arts are daily receiving through its means.

On the subject of the collection of copies to which we allude, it was manifest that the students had two objects in view; namely, *drawing* and *colour*. The original pictures, which were remarkable for either of these qualities, were abundantly attended to, while those that were not in an eminent degree distinguished for such excellencies seemed to have fallen into neglect: such was the fate of two very fine Salvator Rosa's of Francis Mola and Parmigiano. In point of study, this selection of the students may be right; for the principal merit of these masters lies rather in their peculiar feeling, vigour, or striking grace—qualities undoubtedly of great value, but which do not succeed at second-hand, and cannot therefore be repeated, or in fact taught: whereas colouring and drawing, which are more or less to be acquired, are fitter objects of study.

If we consider the works of the British school, there seems, with the exception of Turner, to be a want of much of the vigour and poetic feeling of Salvator Rosa and Poussin. Colour appears to be our prevailing object, and such is our love for it, that our students eagerly seek it before Paul Veronese, and overlook the too often bad drawing and vulgar character of

his subjects. The two admirable allegories, from the *Orleans* (now in the *Hope*) collection, were removed after the late Exhibition, and the pictures by Veronese, from which the students copied, were *The Shepherds' Offering*, from the Crozat collection, and *Our Saviour and his Disciples at Emmaus*. The best, perhaps, in water-colours, is Heaphy's. The sketches by Thomas, Pengal, and Burgess, and the copy by Leslie, were extremely like the original; the copy in particular was remarkable for the richness and variety of its colouring.

St. Catherine, from the Aldobrandini Palace.—By Raphael.

Several ladies have been very successful in studying before this picture. Miss Jackson has painted an interesting and well-coloured copy. Miss Ross has made a good drawing, and Miss Jones an excellent miniature from it. They are all good specimens of the proficiency of those fair votaries of art.

The inimitable landscapes of Claude have had, of course, their full share of ambitious admirers. This distinguished painter, more than perhaps any other man, concealed the artist while he displayed his power throughout his pictures. He was scarcely ever the poet, while he produced in the serenity of his soothing scenes,

> "An holy calm diffusing,
> "Look of peace, and lonely musing."

Delicate and chaste, he possessed at the same time a vigour of colour and execution never united in any other person. The choice of his subjects and style, like that of the Greeks, has been considered tame; and wherever a superficial taste predominates, the correct and elegant style of Claude must appear insipid, and his freedom from coarseness be described as a want of power. It would be an imputation upon the taste of our pupils in art, which we by no means feel, were we, in recommending the close study of this artist's works, to be supposed to convey an idea that they are at present unattended to; the contrary we believe is the fact: but there can be no doubt that the artist, who has properly and effectively studied this master, is likely to give a finish to his landscapes, the neglect of which has too often impaired the general merit of the British school in this branch of art. The picture which appears to have been most successfully copied at the Institution, is that commonly called the *Altieri Claude*.

The Landscape, with a Procession and Sacrifice, from the Altieri Palace.

Miss Dutton's copy is perhaps the only one of the number in a finished state, and it does the highest credit to the taste and talents of this accomplished lady. She has carefully obtained the peculiar tints of colour in the original, its soft and pleasing tone, together with much of its general harmouy.

Mr. Starke, Mr. Willes, Mr. Hoffland, Mr. Tudor, and other gentlemen, have been also successful before this picture. A very mild hue pervades Mr. Starke's sketch. Mr. Willes has been peculiarly happy in the brightness of his sky, the colour of his temples, and the perspective and harmony of his back-ground and distance. There is some dingy colouring in the

other copies, that injures but does not destroy their general effect, which is good. Mr. Glover has also composed a picture from this Claude, which, from the freshness and cool bright tone of its colouring, we should be inclined to pronounce the best of its works, were it not for the yellow lights that he has shed upon his trees, and the dotting style of execution that so frequently defaces his finishing. In this work Mr. Glover has, with a good deal of energy, attempted to blend a severe style with the exquisite outline of Claude; he has introduced some mountainous and other scenery, which though generally well executed, yet gives the composition as a whole an air of incongruity. Mr. Glover's figures are very tastefully composed, but some persons would think them out of place; for as the picture altogether is not the sylvan scene which Ovid would have painted, we do not see what lawful business Fauns and rural goddesses can have so near temples and cities: the bleakness of the mountain air is also uncongenial with their nature, and more calculated in every respect for the residence of banditti.

Landscape, with Historical Figures.

This work of Claude has also been copied with care and success by Mr. Harriett, Mr. Deane, and others. Mr. Dewint has also in his copying evinced much of the feeling of his original: his distance is beautiful. The tone of Mr. Willes's fore-ground is extremely pleasing: but these copies are in general unfinished.

The Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel; and the Landscape, with Mercury and Battus, from the Chigi Palace.—By Salvator Rosa.

The sketches from these pictures by Mr. Jones and Mr. Harriett (the latter an amateur) are extremely well executed in many parts: they are, however, deficient in the wildness and grandeur which are the chief characteristics of the original.

It is to be regretted that more of Titian's pictures were not allowed to remain for the benefit of the student. Titian's *Daughter* has been copied by several, but this picture has not the transcendent merit of the Venetian artist, who made colour the medium through which he addressed every feeling either of delight or terror. The ladies seem to have been much attracted by this picture: Miss Dutton has finished an excellent copy from it; Miss Kendrick and Mrs. Grove have also finished some beautiful miniatures.

St. John and the Lamb.--By Murillo.

This picture, from one of the finest masters of the Spanish school, has been admirably copied by Mr. Watson, who has infused into his work that exquisite softness of colour and poetical composition which delight us in the original. Mrs. Grove has also a neatly painted miniature from it.

Christ and St. Peter, from the Aldobrandini Palace.—By A. Carracci.

Mr. Hilton has executed a good copy of this picture; it is well coloured, but the sky is a little too bright.

Poussin's large picture has been well copied by Mr. Shaw in many of the subordinate parts: he has not, however, succeeded in depicting the grandeur of feeling that is observable in the original. The other copies, though in general painted with care, and not

without effect, are equally deficient in expressing the poetical spirit of the composition.

The Cartoons of Raphael.

These celebrated works have been sketched from with great care and with fine effect. Mr. Haydon has been eminently successful in the vigorous expression of his heads; they are truly in the spirit of his great original. It is gratifying to bear similar testimony to those of Mr. Landseer and Mr. Christmas, from the same subjects, whose drawings and sketches do them great honour.

The collection was on the whole very flattering for our rising artists.

N. B. From the allusion we have made to the removal of some of Titian's pictures before the students were admitted to copy, it may be right to state, that Mr. Hamlet's admirable work of *Bacchus and Ariadne*, from the Aldobrandini Palace, was taken not to the private cabinet of this gentleman, but to the painting-room at the Royal Academy, where it remains, through the considerate kindness of its respectable owner, for the benefit of the students, who will doubtless derive an immense advantage from the study of so exquisite a work.

BRILLIANT HOUSES AT PARIS.

I WAS brought up by a good old aunt, who would feel some astonishment if she were to see what is called a fashionable house at Paris. In her little town a person was thought rich with an income of four or five thousand livres; and her house was the most considerable in the whole place. Her cellar was never without ten or twelve pipes of good wine, the produce of her own vineyard; her pond swarmed with fish; her larder was abundantly furnished with provisions, and she was never at loss when she had occasion to exercise hospitality. At such times the old-fashioned silver-plate was cleaned quite bright; the china was brought out of the closet in which it was kept; the gardener and gamekeeper appeared in livery and waited at table; and the whole house wore the appearance of festivity. The furniture was in the old style, but attested the easy circumstances of the owner. She had twenty beds to offer to her friends, but not a single great dressing-glass, not one *chiffonière*. Her presses were filled with linen and clothes for every season, but in her rooms were to be seen no bronzes, alabaster vases, or costly pictures. Notwithstanding all this, I was incessantly told, that there were no brilliant houses except in Paris. At length chance carried me to that capital, and into houses which I thought as opulent as they seemed to be brilliant. What was my astonishment when a loquacious servant let me into the secret! Having heard that I wanted a valet, he offered me his services.—"What!" cried I, "are you going to leave Mr. Z—? Are you determined to quit the great house?"—"Yes," said he, "it is indeed a great one." —"Well, but Mr. Z— must be very rich?"—"That is to say, he spends a great deal of money."—"His hotel is worth 100,000 crowns."

—"Yes, but he has mortgaged it for 400,000 francs."—"But his furniture?"—"He owes his upholsterer for it." —"His equipage?"—"That's hired." —"His table at least?" —"His steward pays for that."—"And his servants?"—"As they cannot get their wages paid, they have all given him warning." —"Has he not among all the company that I saw with him a single friend willing to assist him?"—"He has friends enough, it is true, but they are almost all in the same predicament with himself. Do you know, sir, why at the dinner to which you were invited by Mr. X— you could not sit down to table till eight o'clock? It was because the plate and the table-linen were hired, and could not be brought at an earlier hour. Perhaps too you do not know why Madame de V— smiled so significantly when you admired the beauty of Madame de Y—'s jewels? It was out of irony, for all the world knows them to be false diamonds. Allow me to refer to one circumstance more: You must certainly recollect a handsome young gentleman, whose name is Mr. A—?"—"Indeed I do recollect him, and also the splendid ball which he gave us."—"You admired his luxury, his magnificence—well, it was all show. The splendid apartments in which he received the company were only hired, together with all the handsome furniture; the good wine was supplied on trust by an acquaintance of mine; his horses had their teeth filed that they might appear young; his carriage was crazy, but fresh painted and varnished; his silver plate was only plated silver; the servants who waited on his guests were borrowed of his friends—nay, even the beautiful young lady whom you all took for his wife is such only in appearance; and still Mr. A— has the character of keeping a grand house."—"Do you know many such persons?"—"Indeed I do, sir; and simple as you may think me, I have assisted twenty fine gentlemen and ten fine ladies to cut a figure in the world; I only received permission to contract as many debts as I pleased, that they might be enabled to shine for six months."—"And where are they now?"—Probably vegetating in some of the most remote quarters of the city, till they can find wherewithal to keep *brilliant* houses again in the *Chaussée d'Antin.*"

PLATE 3.—LONGWOOD-HOUSE, ST. HELENA.

EVERY person who has perused the pages of history with the smallest attention, must have remarked how often events so improbable, that human reason would not hesitate to pronounce them impossible, have given importance and celebrity to places the most obscure. Unlikely as it seemed, little more than twenty years ago, that the son of a private citizen of Ajaccio should seat himself upon the throne of France, that his will should give law to almost the whole continent of Europe, that her monarchs should crouch at his footstool, and he should dispose of crowns and sceptres according to his good pleasure; so little could it be expected that this man, whose

power was surpassed only by his ambition, and for whose ambition the world was too narrow, should ever become the peaceful inhabitant of a solitary rock in the midst of the wide ocean. This, however, is one of the wonders which we have seen realized, and which will render the Island of St. Helena, and Longwood-House in particular, objects of curiosity and interest to succeeding generations.

For the annexed view and plan of Longwood-House, the present abode of Napoleon Bonaparte, we are indebted to W. Warden, Esq. surgeon of his Majesty's ship Northumberland, whose *Letters*, just published by Mr. Ackermann, so admirably delineate the characters of our extraordinary prisoner and the chief persons of his suite, as exhibited during their passage and the first months of their residence at St. Helena. The whole is from actual measurement, and a scale is attached, so that any reader may judge of the accommodations afforded to the ex-emperor. All the apartments coloured blue composed the old house formerly occupied by the lieutenant-governor; and those coloured yellow were added by the exertions of Sir George Cockburn, who, to render the edifice adequate to the reception of the numerous inmates for whom it was intended, with all possible expedition, employed all the hands that could be spared from his ship, not excepting the officers, in the completion of those additions. The admiral also caused stabling to be built for twelve horses, and coach-houses for three carriages, with two servants' rooms attached. A small detached house is nearly completed for Count Bertrand and his family.

The house, the frame-work of which, according to newspaper report, was to have been sent out from this country to St. Helena, would have been attended with enormous expense, as every thing must be carried on men's shoulders from the beach to Longwood, a distance of five miles. For the carriage of each block of wood the native labourers would demand a dollar, and they are so extremely lazy that one load would be a day's work. Such a plan therefore, if it was ever in contemplation, was very prudently relinquished.

The distribution of the apartments, according to the numbers marked in the plan, is as follows:—

1. Viranda.
2. Dining-room.
3. Drawing-room.
4. } Bonaparte's private rooms.
5. }
6. }
7. Bath-room.
8. Valet's room.
9. Lobby, from which a staircase leads to seven servants' rooms over 4. 5. 6. and 12.
10. } Occupied by General Montholon until his apartments, 27. to 33. inclusive, are completed.
11. }
12. }
13. Ante-room.
14. Servants' hall.
15. Passage.
16. Pantry.
17. Yard.
18. Garde-manger.
19. Scullery.
20. Kitchen.
21. Staircase leading to four servants' rooms over 20. and 22.
22. Captain Piontkowski's room.
23. Captain of guard's room.
24. } General Gourgond's rooms.
25. }

26. Surgeon's room.
27.–33. General Montholon's rooms.
34.–37. Count Las Cases and son's rooms.
38. Plate-room.
39. Slave-room.
40. Ladder leading to four servants' rooms over 37. and 38.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Metronomic Tutor, containing Instructions, Exercises, and Lessons for the Piano-Forte, calculated, with the Aid of the Metronome, to convey to the Pupil a thorough Knowledge of Musical Time; the whole expressly written and composed by John Maelzel. Pr. 7s. 6d.

As we have on several former occasions only cursorily adverted to Mr. Maelzel's *Metronome*, we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded to us by the above publication, to present to our readers a more particular account of the nature and object of this important invention.

The principal part of the Metronome consists of a flat steel rod, of the breadth of a small pea, the thickness of the back of a penknife, and the length of about eleven inches. Supposing this rod placed upright, its lower end is fixed to an immoveable round weight of the diameter of a shilling; at the distance of about four inches upwards, a steel pin is fastened to the back of the rod. On this pin, as on an axis, the rod is suspended vertically, so as to swing sideways to the right and left, and the vibrations which it thus makes are produced by an escapement, two wheels, and a main-spring, wound up like that of a watch. The upper and longer part of the rod, or pendulum (*i. e.* that which is above the point of suspension, and measures about seven inches), has attached to it a counter-weight, which slides from the before-mentioned point of suspension to the upper extremity of the rod. Immediately behind is a scale, similar to that of a thermometer, beginning at the top with the number 50, and proceeding downwards, with the omission of some intermediate numbers, till it ends near the axis of the rod with the number 160. By means of a small spring in the sliding weight, and small notches in the rod, the sliding weight can be stopped precisely opposite to any of the numbers on the fixed scale behind. All these numbers have reference to a *minute of time*, so that at 50 the pendulum will vibrate fifty times, at 80 eighty times, at 160 one hundred and sixty times per minute, &c. &c.; and by a particular contrivance in the mechanism, these vibrations are not only visible, but also audible, so as to be distinctly heard even in a room adjoining. The whole of this apparatus is confined in an elegant little obelisk of about a foot in height.

The object of this invention is, as Mr. M. states, twofold: 1st. "*It affords to the composers of every*

country the means of indicating, in a simple and decisive manner, the degree of quickness with which their works are to be executed. 2dly. *It accustoms the young practioner to a correct observance of time, which it beats with unerring precision, and according to any velocity required, during the whole performance.*"

With respect to the first of these two objects, every musical man has for this century past felt the insufficiency of the vague Italian terms, *adagio*, *allegro*, &c. for this purpose; and if there were a doubt on this point, Mr. Maelzel's observations in the preface to this work, and his quotations from classic works, not only tend to remove it, but actually create a degree of surprise at the patience with which these Italian terms have been so long endured. This, no doubt, was owing to the want of a *universal* scale for musical time, and this universal standard measure being now obtained through the Metronome, we should hope, that in a short time no sensible composer will risk the proper execution of works, and consequently his fame, on these Italian terms alone—terms which mean nobody knows rightly what. In this hope we are fully confirmed by the strongest testimonials of approbation on the part of the first-rate composers abroad and in this country, who, by their declarations, which have appeared in the public journals, have formally pledged themselves to time all their future works according to the metronomic scale.

The universal standard measure proposed by Mr. M. is, as we have before stated, deduced from horary or clock time, which is the same all over the world: his Metronome enables the composer to prescribe to the player how many crotchets or quavers, &c. in the piece ought to be played in *one* minute, while it puts it in the performer's power instantly to adapt his play to such prescription. Thus, in a country, even, where the Metronome is not known, and in future ages, in the event of the Metronome being no longer in existence, the signatures founded on the metronomic scale will serve as a record to trace the proper quickness of a composition, as long as the sun keeps true to his present daily career. Would to heaven we now knew how many notes of a certain value go to a minute in the performance of all the works of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Hasse, Pergolesi, &c.! This consideration alone must render the superiority of Mr. Maelzel's standard measure, founded as it is upon the universally adopted division of time, obvious and indisputable; and under this point of view, his Metronome combines the twofold merit of assuming that standard, and of furnishing the means for applying this measure in a manner the most convenient and instantaneous.

While we thus consider the attainment of a universal standard measure of time the principal merit of Mr. M.'s invention, we are, at the same time, fully sensible of the advantages which the Metronome holds out in the instruction of beginners; and we are equally ready to admit, that the present publication not only demonstrates these advantages in a manner absolutely unanswerable, but also indicates the way and pro-

per method for obtaining all the benefit to be derived by the adhibition of the Metronome in the tuition of music. The "Metronomic Tutor" is composed of two separate volumes, of which the first contains, in eighteen folio pages of letter-press, the author's system of instruction, and the second volume is exclusively devoted to musical examples, exercises, and lessons.

The work is divided into these five sections, which treat, 1st. *Of musical Sounds, their Characters and Scales.* 2d. *Of the Value and Duration of Notes, Division into Bars, and the several Kinds of musical Time.* 3d. *Finger Exercises for both Hands.* 4th. *Lessons.* 5th. *All the Major and Minor Scales.* Although in elementary works on music it is scarcely possible to produce much originality, yet, as the adhibition of the Metronome in the department of instruction is of itself a novelty, we are of opinion, that in this book many parts of the rudiments are placed in a new point of view, and rendered extremely perspicuous. Such, for instance, is Mr. M.'s illustration of the diatonic scale, which, by the model he gives, may be found and written down in any key by a child. The chapter on the value of notes is equally satisfactorily handled; and here the application of the Metronome appears to us so decisively favourable and essential, and the illustrations so striking, that more than mere beginners may, in our opinion, be benefited by its study. The rules given for the finger-exercises are highly to the purpose, especially Mr. M.'s method of letting, in the first exercises, the learner press down the keys with all the fingers, and allowing only that finger to rise which has to strike. Of the lessons we cannot speak in too much praise: fingers, time, harmony, and good taste, appear to have been carefully consulted in their composition. The pieces are not only short and strictly progressive, but the melodies are of the most agreeable description, so as to attract the attention and favour of the pupil. In short, the whole of this publication shews the author to have well digested and matured his system; he is completely master of his subject, and his experience as an instructor in music is manifest throughout. The typographical execution of the work is likewise to be noticed with commendation, and particularly the title-page, which exhibits a fine allegorical engraving of Time, superintending, with the hour-glass and pendulum, the musical performance of an elegant female and child.

DULCE ET UTILE, consisting of six Movements, intended as (moderately difficult) Practice for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Book I. Op. 55. Pr. 12s.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with, and know how to appreciate, Mr. Cramer's "Studio per il Piano-Forte," may form an adequate idea of the nature and value of the present publication, which, however less in extent, bears a strong resemblance to that classic and unique performance. The "Dulce et Utile," like "Il Studio," is the great work of a great master, a concentrated store of all that is excellent in piano-forte composition, an inexhaustible fund of study for the practitioner, and,

we may say, for the theoretical student. All that we could say in its praise would fall short of what we wish and ought to say. The six movements contained in this book are studies of the higher order; indeed every page is an assemblage of studies: but this we ought to add, however apparently disagreeing with the title-page, that none but very advanced players are calculated to undertake even the study of any of these movements. The beautiful toccatina, for instance, might well be called a duet for four hands *to be played by two*, for it almost throughout contains a score of four distinct parts. To us the publication of Mr. Cramer's studies appears in more than one respect as reflecting honour on the author: by laying them before the public, he disinterestedly gives a wide circulation to his instruction; he enables those that cannot benefit from his personal tuition, to become indirect pupils of his, at no other expense than that of their own industry and application. As we are on the subject of studies, we will indulge in one more observation, which has not occurred to us alone. Almost all the studies for the piano-forte we possess are calculated for only an advanced stage of proficiency, and the less skilled, but not less zealous, performer is without *classic* exercises to lead him gradually to the more difficult ones, of which there is an ample stock. How comes this? Is it, as we suspect, that it is less difficult to write difficult music, than to compose good music of an easier description, combining select harmony with pleasing melody?

The Sophia, a new Waltz, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed by Whc. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Whether it be the modesty of the author, or a consideration of the small amount of his labours, that induced him to disguise his name under initials, it becomes us to declare, that however trifling as to quantity, the quality of the present publication does not give it the lowest rank in the family of the author's works. The theme of the waltz is very pleasing, it is neatly and efficiently harmonized, and the flute-accompaniment is well imagined.

"*Young Iwan,*" *sung by Master Williams at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite Melodrame entitled* "*Iwanowna, or the Maid of Moscow,*" *composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If this air is not mainly founded upon an authentic Russian tune, we must do the composer the justice to say, that it exhibits a very successful imitation of the character and style of the melodies of that people. There is a fascinating plaintiveness in the simple minor strains of this song, more or less observable in all the Russian love-songs, of which the stock is by no means small. The few major bars likewise tend to render the imitation more striking and perfect.

"*My native Land is free,*" *in* (the above) *Melodrame* "*Iwanowna,*" *composed* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In this song the melody proceeds with martial energy, under occasional trumpet-accompaniment, so as to assume, upon the whole, the character of a march. Among the

several ideas which follow each other in unlaboured succession, the period at "My wife, my children, round me cling," although not altogether new, excites interest. The conclusion also is brilliant and appropriate.

"*The Wild Irishman*," *in* (the above) *Melodrame* "*Iwanowna*," *composed* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A humorous song: low-comic in poetry, as well as composition, hardly, in either respect, amenable to the forum of criticism.

"*Trilla-loo*," *in* (the above) *Melodrame* "*Iwanowna*," *composed* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Simple as this ballad is in its general tenor, there is a pleasing vein of *naïveté* in its melody, which, as it appears perfectly in its place, produces a more satisfactory effect than would have been the case with a more laboured composition. The flute parts in the accompaniments are pretty and appropriate. In the 5th and 9th bars, the B's in the middle stave ought to be D's: this, of course, is a typographical error.

The "*Clown's Bazaar*," *sung at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the Pantomime called* "*Gnomes and Fairies*," *composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the points, observable in the poetry of the Clown's Bazaar, are not absolutely seasoned with attic salt, yet in the mouth of Mr. Grimaldi, who is the spokesman, the catalogue of trades of which his Bazaar is to consist, is likely to extort a smile from the most serious countenance. With regard to the tune, we must say that Mr. W. has not only done the needful, but added considerably to the interest of the text. His melody, without being vulgar, is lively and humorous; in short, quite in proper character.

"*Here's the Garden's matchless Pride*," Answer to "*Here's the Bower she loved so much*," *written by Thomas Moore, Esq. composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp*, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The melody of this air is conspicuous for its unaffected sweetness of expression, and the taste with which it has been conceived. To the symphony also we are ready to give our meed of approbation. The harmony, which throughout consists of broken chords, is efficient and proper, generally speaking. Among the cases which induced this qualification is bar 3, *p.* 3, which certainly would have been capable of improvement. As to the employment of the chord of $\frac{5}{4}$ in the 14th bar of the same page, we are not disposed to quarrel with its appearance, aware as we are that the introduction was intentional, with a view to variety; but we must say, in pieces of this cast, its use seems to us attended with too stern an effect.

"*The Hero's Orphan Girls*," *a favourite Ballad, sung by Mrs. Ashe at the London and Bath Concerts, written by Mr. C. F. Webb, composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The symphony to this ballad is written in a select and attractive style, and the melody of the ballad itself is conceived with a considerable degree of apt pathetical expression, and supported by a suitable and tasteful accompaniment.

The transition to the relative minor (*p.* 4, *l.* 4,) without being in itself objectionable, will appear to the modern ear somewhat antiquated and common.

The Saxe-Coburg Waltz, composed, and arranged with Variations for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

The waltz theme of these variations is light and pretty, especially in the third strain. The variations themselves are of a properly diversified character, and altogether fluent and ingenious. To this commendation we may also add, that, without exhibiting deterring intricacies for the fingers, the passages are of such a nature as to shew the pupil's acquirements to great advantage. Without dwelling upon the peculiar features of distinction between each variation, we may select the second as an advantageous specimen of the author's labour, on account of the neat manner with which a portion of the melody has been allotted to the left hand.

Three Duets concertante for two Flutes, composed, and dedicated to Captain L. Mackenzie, by L. Droüet. Op. 18. Pr. 8s.

The first of these duets consists of one allegro in D major, an adagio in A major, and a theme with variations in D major; the second, of an allegro and pastorale in F major; and the third, of an allegro in G major, an adagio in D major, and a rondo in G major. All the several subjects of these movements are distinguished by the classic taste with which they have been conceived, and with which the leading idea has been developed and ramified into subordinate digressive matter, enlivened by passages replete with good taste and exuberant fancifulness. If we were called upon to make our choice among the three duets before us, we should not, without some degree of hesitation, fix upon the first; the allegro of which is brilliant and particularly interesting throughout. Its adagio is written in a most chaste and feeling style, and the variations are charming, although we own, rather difficult in some portions. They confirm an opinion we had before entertained of Mr. D.'s superior skill and qualification in that particular walk of composition. It is with peculiar gratification that we perceive the continued labours of that celebrated performer, not doubting that they will contribute in an eminent degree to direct the attention of amateurs to an instrument, which, in our opinion, had lost ground in this country, for want of a sufficiency of proper nourishment.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF THE BEY OF TRIPOLI BY HIS BROTHER, AUGUST 2, 1790.

(From TULLY's *Narrative of a Residence at Tripoli.*)

ON our arrival in town from the bashaw's palace in the country, from whence my last letter to you was dated, all here was very quiet.

The bashaw, the bey, and Sidy Hamet, went to the marabut's together, and during our late visits to the castle, we have found Lilla Halluma and the princesses happy in comparison to what they were when we left town; they were only anxious to know how Sidy Useph was engaged while out of Tripoli. It was supposed by the family, that he went out to gather in his tributes from the Arabs at his cyderies, but many suspected that he was gone among the chiefs of the Arabs, to engage them in his interest against his father and the bey. Since his return he remained at the bashaw's garden, the same place we were at in the Messeah; whence he came at different times, apparently in the most amicable manner, to visit the royal family at the castle, and no one suspected the desperate act he had in contemplation.

Sidy Useph's success in a plot so diabolically laid against the bey, is amongst those wonders which occur in human life that cannot be accounted for. Tired of waiting longer for the destruction of the bey, he came to town more determined and better prepared to complete his dreadful purpose than he had been before. He brought his chosen blacks with him, and had well instructed them. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to his mother Lilla Halluma's apartment, to whom he declared his intentions of making peace with his eldest brother, and entreated her to forward his wishes, by sending for the bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the bey, who was in Lilla Aisher's (his wife's) apartment, informing him that his brother, Sidy Useph, was with her without arms, and waiting to be reconciled to him in her presence; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the bashaw's head, the bey, if he loved her, would come to her directly unarmed.

The bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and yatagan, or sabre. Lilla Aisher was certain, from the love Lilla Halluma bore the three princes, that no open danger would threaten the bey's life in her apartment. She only dreaded treachery, which the bey would never listen to. In the present moment she was alarmed lest the bey's passing to Lilla Halluma's apartments with a hostile appearance, so contrary to the rules of the haram, might give a pretext for his being assaulted by Sidy Useph's people: she therefore reminded him, that he was going to his mother's apartment, where it was sacrilege to carry arms; and after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him, his going with them might seem as if he purposed to assassinate his brother, and would perhaps draw the vengeance of the castle on him while he was unprepared. The bey, hesitating a moment, pulled off his arms, embraced Lilla Aisher, and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and presenting him his sabre, entreated him not to leave all his arms, and would not let him go till he consented to take that with him.

When the bey came to his mother's apartment, Lilla Halluma perceiving his sabre, begged of him to take it off before they began to

converse, as she assured him his brother had no arms about him. The bey, to whom there did not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who laid it on a window near which they stood, and feeling herself convinced of the integrity of the bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidy Useph, she with pleasure led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held one of each of their hands in hers, and, as she has since said, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together as friends.

The bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that though he came prepared to go through the ceremony of making peace with him, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part: for that he had no animosity towards him; but, on the contrary, as he had no sons of his own living, he considered Sidy Hamet and himself as such, and would continue to treat them as a father whenever he came to the throne. Sidy Useph declared himself satisfied, but said, to make Lilla Halluma easy, there could be no objection, after such professions from the bey, to their both attesting their friendship on the Koran: the bey answered, "With all my heart, I am ready." Sidy Useph rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran, which was the signal he had given his infernal blacks to bring his pistols, two of which were immediately put into his hand, and he instantly fired at the bey, as he sat by Lilla Halluma's side on the sopha. Lilla Halluma raising her hand to save her son, had it most terribly mangled by the splinters of the pistol, which burst, and shot the bey in his side. The bey rose, and seizing his sabre from the window, where Lilla Halluma had laid it, he made a stroke at his brother, but Sidy Useph instantly discharged another pistol and shot the bey through the heart. To add to the unmerited affliction of Lilla Halluma, the murdered prince, in his last moments, erroneously conceiving she had betrayed him, exclaimed, "Ah! madam, is th[illegible] the last present you have reserved for your eldest son?" What horror must such words from her favourite son have produced in the breast of Lilla Halluma in her present cruel situation! Sidy Useph, on seeing his brother fall, called to the blacks, saying, "There is the bey, finish him." They dragged him from the spot where he lay yet breathing, and discharged all their pieces into him. The bey's wife, Lilla Aisher, hearing the sudden clash of arms, broke from her women, who endeavoured to restrain her, and springing into the room, clasped the bleeding body of her husband in her arms; while Lilla Halluma endeavouring to prevent Sidy Useph from disfiguring the body, had thrown herself over it, and fainted from the agony of her wounded hand. Five of Sidy Useph's blacks were, at the same moment, stabbing the body of the bey as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph, they fled with their master. Their wanton barbarity, in thus mangling the bey's remains, having produced the most dreadful spectacle, Lilla Aisher at this sight of horror

stripped off her jewels and rich habits, and threw them in the bey's blood, and taking from off one of her blacks the worst baracan amongst them, made that serve for her whole covering. Thus habiting herself as a common slave, she ordered those around to cover her with ashes, and in that state she went directly to the bashaw, and told him, if he did not wish to see her poison herself and his grandchildren, to give immediate orders that she might quit the castle; for she "would not live to look on the walls of it, nor to walk over the stones that could no longer be seen for the bey's blood, with which they were now covered."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—FULL DRESS.

A WHITE soft satin slip, tastefully ornamented at bottom with a flounce of broad blond lace, and a light roll of white satin, surmounted by a wreath of lilies composed of plain blond, and a second roll of satin. The stalks of the lilies are formed of white silk cord, and a row of the same, disposed in waves, is placed above the roll of satin. Nothing can be more beautiful than this trimming. The gown, composed of spotted British net, is an open robe, with a short train, which meets in front, but slopes gradually off towards the bottom, so as to display the trimming of the slip. The robe is ornamented with a flounce of blond lace to correspond with the slip, and a wreath of intermingled lilies and roses. We refer our readers to our print for the body of the dress, which is tasteful and very novel. The sleeve is short and very full; a single flounce of blond is so disposed as to form an uncommonly pretty half-sleeve. The hair is brought up in a high tuft behind, and the front hair combed back on each side so as to display the forehead; a part of it is disposed in loose ringlets, which fall carelessly over the ears, which they partly shade. The hair is ornamented by a single lily, placed in a bunch of fern. Necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and armlets, of ruby intermixed with pearl. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers. Plain small ivory fan.—We have been favoured by a correspondent in Paris with a model of this dress, which has just been made for the Duchess de Berri. The caps and bonnets, which we have given in our other print, have also been furnished us from one of the first houses in Paris.

PLATE 5.--PARISIAN HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1. A plain straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with lilac. The crown of a round shape, and a moderate height; the front is large, and ornamented with lilac ribbon: the crown is decorated at top and bottom to correspond. It is finished by a bunch of auriculas and lilac strings.

No. 2. A morning *cornette*, composed of worked muslin; the lower part a mob, the crown round, made

very full, and divided into compartments by drawings. The top of the crown is edged with lace; the border corresponds. No ornament.

No. 3. A black straw bonnet of a similar shape to No. 1. but larger; it is lined and trimmed with green ribbon, so disposed as to form a wreath of ties with green ribbon.

No. 4. A fancy straw bonnet of a peculiarly elegant and novel shape; the front very large, but the crown a moderate height. It is lined and trimmed with white, and ornamented with a profusion of white roses.

No. 5. A *cornette*, composed of *tulle*, the crown round, and made very high; the lower part a mob, cut in a different manner to any we have seen; a row of straw-colour ribbon is run in next to the border; strings and bow to correspond.

No. 6. A remarkably neat plain black straw morning bonnet, trimmed and lined with purple, and ornamented with a single China aster.

No. 7. A very elegant promenade bonnet; the front composed of Leghorn, trimmed with a puffing of *tulle*; the crown, of white satin, is made very full and rather high. The fulness is confined at top by a white silk half-handkerchief, edged with *tulle*, which ties it under the chin. It is ornamented with a bunch of Provence roses and fancy flowers.

No. 8. A morning *cornette*, the upper part composed of worked, and the lower of plain muslin; the crown oval, with a full puffing of muslin up the middle. A lace border and white satin strings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair pedestrians cannot now, as formerly, be reproached with sacrificing comfort to shew: walking dresses, at least all tonish ones, are made of the warmest materials; and an India scarf or shawl, two or three times doubled, is folded so closely over the bust, that no part of the body is visible. Muffs of a moderate size are universally adopted. Ermine, sable, and Isabella bear are the favourite furs. Tippets are also worn, but not generally. The materials most fashionable for walking bonnets are beaver, velvet, and black straw, particularly the two former. Feathers, from three to five in number, are universally worn: high plumes are considered as most tonish; they are always placed upright in front of the bonnet.

An attempt has been made, but not a successful one, to introduce sable and ermine caps, with gold bands, into the promenade costume; they were very general some years ago, and are very striking and elegant, but they are rather too showy for the present chaste style of promenade dress, to which the large bonnet now worn is much more appropriate. We observe that those bonnets have improved in shape within the last two months; they are not, in fact, near so high in the crown, and the fronts are much more becomingly shaped than before.

The most elegant novelty for the carriage costume, and which is also very appropriate to the dress promenade, is a pelisse composed, we believe, of the wool of seal skin, and lined with white sarsnet. The

body is made tight, the back is cut without a seam, and the front, which is byas, displays the shape to great advantage; but the back is too broad to be becoming to the figure. The sleeve is moderately full, except at the top, where it is very wide, and disposed in a fall which forms a half-sleeve. The trimming is a wreath of black velvet leaves, which are edged with satin to correspond with the colour of the cloth. This trimming goes entirely round the pelisse, and ornaments also a little cape, which is pointed both in front and behind. An uncommonly pretty and novel collar completes the pelisse; it is formed of little rolls of cloth, intermixed with black velvet: there are also small cuffs to correspond.

The Roxburgh mantle, composed either of seal-skin wool cloth, or the finest merino, is generally worn with silk or poplin dresses. It is a square piece, about one yard three quarters in size, wadded and lined with white or coloured sarsnets; it is fastened down on each shoulder, so as to form a kind of small hood, in which there is no fulness, and the ends either fly back or are crossed over the bosom. A body is tacked inside of the mantle, the fronts of which, formed like a half-handkerchief, just meet at the bottom of the waist, and are fastened by a small silver ornament to correspond with those on the shoulder. It is bound with flat silver trimming, and at each corner we noticed a flower, we believe a China aster, embroidered in silver.

Small French hats of intermingled velvet and satin, the latter very full, are very generally adopted in the carriage costume, as are also the *tocques* described in our last number.

The materials for the morning costume are various; muslin, poplin, and even cloth, are fashionable. The form of morning dress is extremely simple and becoming. A high body, very short in the waist, made to fit the shape in front, and a little fulness behind; the back rather broad; the long sleeve of an easy fulness, and always drawn in at the wrist, so as to display advantageously the symmetry of the arm. There is nothing novel in this, our fair readers will say; but, nevertheless, a profusion of lace, which is let into muslin dresses, or satin, stamped velvet, or silk trimming, disposed round the bust of heavy dresses, gives an air of novelty, as well as an elegant finish to the dress. The most fashionable style of letting-in now is a wreath of large leaves of white lace, which are worked into the dress; they have an uncommonly pretty effect. Fancy silks of every description are in high estimation for dinner dress, as is also plain and striped levantine, plain and fancy poplin, aud plain velvet. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a description of the various and beautiful articles, all the produce of our own looms, now worn in fashionable circles: we must, however, observe, that fancy striped poplin, and spotted silk of a new pattern, are higher than any thing else in estimation.

Blond is still in very high estimation for trimmings; and satin, long as it has been worn, is now, when intermixed with net, considered elegant. We were favoured

the other day with a sight of a dinner dress made of ruby velvet, and trimmed with an intermixture of swansdown and satin, which had a beautiful effect.

A plain frock, with a loose body, which is made in a style of girlish simplicity, is the favourite form of dinner dress; and plain long sleeves, made with very little fulness, and always finished by an epaulette to correspond either with the dress or the trimming, are universal. *Fichus*, composed either of lace or very rich work, are likewise very general. The long sleeve frequently corresponds with the *fichu*, and when that is the case, it is always finished with a narrow triple trimming of lace at the bottom of the wrist.

The materials for full dress are equally rich, various, and elegant. Plain, fancy, and silver gauze over white satin; plain and spotted net, and crape richly embroidered either in silver or coloured silks, are all in estimation, both with juvenile and mature *élégantes*. Fancy velvets, which are very numerous and extremely beautiful, are chiefly confined to *ladies d'un certain age*; and white satin seems to be a favourite with both young and middle-aged *belles*. The evening dress which we have given in our print, is unquestionably the most elegant that has been seen for a onsiderable time; it has been dopted by some ladies of high istinction without any alteration, xcept that it is made without a ain. The Charlotte spenceret. composed of white satin, with a nixture of royal purple, has just been introduced, and is greatly admired. The body is cut very low all round the bust, which is shaded by a narrow tuck of blond lace; the front, in the form of a stomacher, is an intermixture of narrow folds of purple and white satin, with puffings of lace between the folds. The sleeve, which is very short, is composed of four folds of alternate white and purple satin, and finished by a puckered band. This is a truly elegant appendage to evening costume; it is worn also in white and ruby, white and dark green, and scarlet, dark brown, French rose, and lead-colour mixed with white.

Our readers will perceive by our print, that a considerable alteration has taken place in hair-dressing since our last number: however, we must observe, that though the most fashionable style, it is not the only one adopted; many ladies wear their hair disposed in light cu ls in front, and the hind hair partly brought up to moderate height, and partly disposed in bands. Winter flowers are much worn in the hair for full dress; and we have noticed some silver sprays of a light and novel description. Bandeaus and sprigs of diamond or pearl are in high estimation, but we see few ornaments for the hair composed of coloured stones. *Tocques* are a great deal worn; and ladies, who wish to display their diamonds, give a preference to black velvet ones: when that is not the case, they are composed of lace, gauze, and sometimes silver tissue.

Caps are universal for morning and half dress. We refer our fair readers to our print for those highest in estimation.

In half-dress jewellery an intermixture of gold and coral is high-

est in estimation; but dead gold ornaments, very finely wrought, are also fashionable.

Coloured stones are very partially worn in full-dress jewellery, and they are rarely intermixed with either pearls or diamonds. We think the former are more worn than they have been for some winters past. Crosses are highly fashionable, as are lockets of various shapes; several of the latter contain a bouquet of flowers, formed of various coloured gems, which have a beautiful effect.

Black leather half-boots with stout soles, lined and edged with fur, are universally adopted for the promenade costume.

In full dress, white satin slippers continue general; they are also frequently composed of white silk sprigged with silver.

Fashionable colours for the month are, lead-colour, Provence rose-colour, royal purple, very dark green, various shades of brown, Clarence blue, and ruby.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Dec. 21, 1816.

My dear Sophia,

The empire of Fashion is as much divided here as the political world. Some of our *élégantes* affect an excess of plainness and simplicity in their dress, which agrees as ill with the studied graces of their manners as rouge would with a Quaker's bonnet. Others rush into the opposite extreme, and in their rage for show decorate themselves with all the colours of the rainbow, and bid defiance at once to elegance and good taste.

I shall endeavour to describe to you some of the dresses worn by these rival *belles*, confident that your taste will point out the happy medium in any that you may adopt.

I must, however, observe to you, that in morning dress the contending parties are attired nearly alike: the same simple form, which you will find described in my last letter, still prevails, except that the three flounces at bottom have given place to one deep one, scolloped at bottom and top; it is put on very full, and the heading is narrow. It is only in the *cornette* that the difference is perceptible between the rival *belles*, to whom I have given the appellations of *Formalists* and *Dashers*. The first wear a simple morning cap of a moderate size, without any ornament, not even a ribbon: the latter a high *cornette*, trimmed extravagantly with bows and drawings of glaring red, orange, or lilac; the colour of the ribbon is always different from that of the dress. Our manufactures are still in favour for morning costume, but, I think, white begins, in a great measure, to supersede coloured muslins.

Muslin has now generally given place to merino crape, spotted silk, and levantine, in dinner dress. White is still more prevalent than colours. Waists are a very little longer than when I wrote last, but the backs of dresses continue of the same breadth; they are now made with rather less fulness in the body. Long sleeves are universal; they are made of a very moderate width, and always finished by two or three puffings at the wrist;

these puffings are generally of blond.

Dinner dresses are now almost invariably made what you would call half-high, and the *fichu* is more generally composed of fine worked muslin than of *tulle.* You will observe that the form and materials of the dresses are the same for the *formalist* and the *dasher*, but the difference made by the trimming is greater than you can conceive. The *formalists* either have no trimming, or else but two narrow bands of velvet, always of a sober colour, or a single flounce composed of the same materials as the dress; this flounce has a narrow heading, and the middle is honeycombed. Their opponents, on the contrary, wear three or four flounces, put on pretty close to each other, so that there is not above an inch of the edge of each flounce visible; each of these flounces is bound with ribbon, always of the most glaring colour: the effect of this trimming is consequently at once tawdry and heavy. There is, however, another inquisition among the *dashers*, which is composed of a very broad piece of blond net run on full, and then confined in waves by bands of satin of different colours. This last, if the colours were judiciously selected, might be made a very elegant trimming.

Cornettes are much worn in dinner dress by both parties. The *dasher* binds a glaring coloured ribbon round her hair under her *cornette*, which is placed so far back as to shew a rosette of this ribbon in front. She also wears her ruff in the manner described in my last, which displays a little of her well-turned throat. The ruff of the *formalist* completely envelopes her throat, and she wears no ribbon under her *cornette.*

Gauze is now very little worn in evening dress, except by very juvenile *élégantes.* The favourite form is a plain gown cut very low all round the bust; the skirt very full, the body and skirt formed of the same piece, and the fulness of the former confined to the waist by a broad band of satin, either embroidered or ornamented with pearls. The skirt is made more than a quarter of a yard longer than the slip, and this superfluous length is drawn up in draperies, each of which is ornamented either with a knot of ribbon, a pearl ornament, or a flower. A gauze half-sleeve, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, displays partially the white silk one underneath. I had forgot to observe, that there is generally a single flounce of blond to the slip, which is partially seen under the draperies of the gown.

I need not observe to you, that this simple and tasteful dress is not adopted by either the *formalists* or the *dashers.* The former wear either plain rich satin, or fancy velvet, with little or no trimming; and the latter give a general preference to white satin, trimmed with a very broad embroidery of roses of all colours. I think I see you smile at the notion of blue and green roses. You may conceive then how ridiculous a dress must look trimmed with a garland in which there is perhaps seven or eight different colours, and frequently those which form the worst possible contrast; as for instance, crimson and yellow.

This absurd fashion, however,

though very prevalent, is not universal: some *belles*, who will not sacrifice good taste to caprice and a rage for show, wear a beautiful border of moss-roses without leaves; others prefer intermingled lilies and roses; and some have a single flounce of broad Mechlin lace, surmounted by a wreath of myrtle-leaves in stamped velvet.

And now for the outside promenade costume. The material most in requisition for hats is silk plush, which has just at this moment superseded almost every thing else. One does indeed see a few hats composed of velvet, black straw, &c. &c. but they are not considered elegant. The rage for plush is carried so far that hats are lined with it. You may suppose that a black or blue hat composed of plush, and lined with the same material in rose-colour or amber, must have a very heavy appearance; and yet nothing can be more common. White hats are most fashionable; they are generally ornamented at the side by a large bunch of flowers, which are tied together with a white ribbon, a cockade of which is placed at the base of the garland.

The most fashionable shape at present is a small man's hat. Bonnets, however, are still adopted by many *élégantes;* they are now worn shorter at the ears than when I wrote last, and the fronts are not so deep. Both hats and bonnets are ornamented with China asters, tulips, daisies, and auriculas; many, which are trimmed with ribbons or flowers on one side, have on the other a buckle of mother of pearl, which fastens a band of the same material as the hat. One would be tempted to ask what is the fashion, when one meets at one moment a *formalist* with a bonnet of black silk plush lined with rose-colour, and strings to correspond, without any other ornament; and the next moment you see a *belle* with a hat of white plush, which is loaded with a garland of auriculas or roses of all colours. Even *capotes* are now made of plush: the favourite colours are pea-green, straw-colour, and lilac; but white is still higher in estimation.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that the favourite flower is at present the auricula; they are made both in plush and velvet, and are frequently placed at the side of hats in bunches of five or six different colours.

When I wrote to you last, we were all wrapped up in square shawls; since then we have by turns adopted spencers, pelisses, and pelerines trimmed with fur. At present all those *belles* who can afford it, shield their fair forms in the most appropriate of all winter covering — I mean the *witzchoura,* which is worn this year with a high collar and a large fur pelerine. Muffs are very partially worn, and then only in the most expensive fur.

Our promenade shoes are extremely comfortable: they are sandals lined and trimmed with fur; they lace pretty high on the instep, and are ornamented with three small bows of ribbon.

Our style of hair-dressing is less classic, but infinitely more becoming than when I wrote last. The hair, very much parted in front, falls in loose ringlets on each side of the forehead. The hind hair, brought very high at the back of

the head, forms a tuft, which is confined by a double plait of hair.

Tocques are in universal estimation in full dress. They are made in gold and silver gauze, and in velvet. One of the most *jauntie* is an oval crown of black velvet edged with a roll of black satin; a very beautiful plume of black ostrich feathers finishes this elegant head-dress. Another *tocque* is also composed of black velvet; it is simply a crown very high in front, lower behind, and looped down in the middle with a cockade of black satin ribbon. The crown is tacked to a plain band of black satin, which is finished by a row of plaited hard silk next to the face, and another at the edge of the crown. A plume of white feathers finishes this *tocque*.

I could describe to you half a dozen others, did I not fear that your patience and my paper would be exhausted before I had half done: I shall therefore only observe, that very young ladies wear either a band or an ornament of pearls, or coral, which is, as I before observed, worn in full dress; and more mature *belles* ornament their *tocques* with jewels, which sparkle at the base of their feathers, or deck their tresses with winter flowers and gems intermixed.

Pearl and coral are worn in full-dress jewellery, as are also bouquets of natural flowers composed of coloured stones. Red cornelian and gold seem very prevalent in half dress.

Acknowledge, my dear Sophia, that I have made wonderful improvement in the science of dress since you used to call me the unobservant Eudocia, who never knew what any body wore. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always your EUDOCIA.

P. S.—I had quite forgot to say, that the prevalent colours at present are, amber, blue, pink, yellow, and scarlet.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN, of the Strand, has in the press, *A Series of Costumes of the Netherlands*; with descriptions in French and English. This work will be printed on imperial 4to. to correspond with the Costumes of different Nations, published four years ago by Mr. Miller of Albemarle-street.

Such is the avidity with which every thing that comes in an authentic shape respecting Bonaparte is caught up by the public, that a *fourth edition* of *Warden's Letters, written on board the Northumberland and at St. Helena*, has been called for in the short space of one month. As surgeon of the ship which carried the ex-emperor and his suite to the place of exile, the author certainly enjoyed peculiar opportunities for observation during the passage and in a residence of some months on the island; and the account of his conversations with Bonaparte, not merely on indifferent topics, but on those acts of his public life which have been most canvassed and execrated, is truly interesting and *piquant*.

Ponsonby, the publication of

which has unavoidably been delayed, will certainly appear in the course of the ensuing month.

A new work has been commenced, to be published in weekly numbers, with the title of *The Portfolio, Political and Literary;* being a general miscellany and collection of original and fugitive productions, including criticisms on new works, and select essays from the newspapers.

The Scenery of the Northern Cambrian Mountains, is just completed in one volume 4to. This work forms an assemblage of thirty views, highly finished in colours, engraved by Daniel Havell, after original drawings by Mr. Compton of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; each plate accompanied with a description of the scene and other particulars, so as to form a regular tour through the most romantic parts of North Wales.

Mr. Tabart, of the Juvenile Library, Piccadilly, announces a Monthly Miscellany for the use of Schools and for the general purposes of Education, under the title of Tabart's *School Magazine*, or *Journal of Education.* It is intended to be composed chiefly of modern materials, for the purpose of connecting as much as possible the business of the school-room with that of the active world, for which education prepares its subjects. The first number will appear on the first of March.

Mrs. M'Mullan, whose poetic talent has already been displayed in the Naïad's Wreath, has ready for publication *The Crescent,* a national poem on the glorious victory at Algiers.

Another weekly work is announced by the title of *The Spirit of the Press,* Historical, Political, and Literary. A portion of each number will contain the Spirit of the Public Journals, being a selection of paragraphs, witticisms, &c. from the London publications of the day.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, A.M. has nearly completed at press his work on *Female Scripture Biography;* with an Essay shewing what Christianity has done for Women: also, a second edition, with considerable alterations, of his *Life of Melancthon.*

A new work is about to be published from the pencil of Mr. H. Alken, under the title of *Sporting Sketches,* consisting of a series of subjects relating to the Sports of the Field, and adapted for the illustrating of Landscape Scenery.

Mrs. Mary Hays has in the press *Family Annals,* or *the Sisters,* as a counterpart to her dramatic story of The Brothers.

On the 1st January, 1817, will be published the first number of a new periodical work, to be continued every two months, under the title of *The Correspondent.* It will consist of letters, moral, political, and literary, between eminent writers in France and England; designed, by presenting a faithful picture of each nation to the other, to enlighten both to their true interest, promote a mutual good understanding between them, and render peace the source of a common prosperity.

In a few days will be published, *Apicius Redivivus,* or *the Cook's Oracle,* containing the art of composing soups, sauces, and flavouring essences, displayed in 600 receipts, the result of actual experi-

ments instituted in the kitchen of a physician, for the purpose of composing a culinary code for the rational epicure, and augmenting the alimentary enjoyment of private families.

Shortly will be published, *Scripture Genealogy from Adam to Christ*, exhibiting, in a series of thirty-six engraved tables, a distinct view of the nation, tribe, family, lineal descent, and posterity of every person mentioned in the Bible, so far as they can be traced from sacred and profane history: to which are annexed chronological dates, on the authority of Usher and Blair; together with a copious introduction, an historical description of each plate, and a complete index.

A new weekly paper, upon a plan hitherto unattempted in this country, is preparing for publication, devoted solely to literary purposes, foreign as well as domestic: it is entitled *The Literary Gazette, and Journal of the Belles Lettres*, and is expressly designed for the higher classes of society. It will also enjoy the peculiar advantage of being sent free of postage to all parts of the kingdom.

Mr. A. J. Valpy has in the press a new edition of the *Greek Septuagint*, in one large volume 8vo. The text is taken from the Oxford edition of Bos, without contractions. Also a new edition of Homer's *Iliad*, from the text of Heyne, with English notes, including many from Heyne and Clark, one volume 8vo.:—*Academic Errors*, or *Recollections of Youth*, one volume 12mo.:—*Catullus*, with English notes, by T. Forster, Esq. jun. 12mo.—The second number of Stephens's *Greek Thesaurus*, which has been delayed on account of the treaty for Professor Schäfer's MSS. will appear in January.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL * THE TANJORE

Poetry.

TO ——— ———

WHEN evening wraps in twilight shroud
The farewell beams of day,
How sweet to quit the busy crowd,
And steal from toil away;
And while the pale moon, peering bright,
Soft glimmers o'er the lea,
To gaze upon her tranquil light,
And think of heaven and thee!

And thus, when all the slumb'ring air
A stillness breathes divine,
Or only angels waken there
And spirits pure as thine,
On Fancy's wing to flow'ry vales
And distant groves I flee,
Complain me to the dying gales,
And sigh my soul to thee!

Moments there are when ev'ry thought
That dwells on things below,
And life itself, depictures nought
But gloom and varied woe;
Yet Mem'ry from her lonely bow'r
One twinkling star can see,
And in that *drear, despairing hour*
'Tis bliss to muse on thee!

Oh! that our souls in viewless flight
Could mount the air at will,
And sail upon the clouds of night,
When all the earth was still!
How oft from worldly bondage riven,
From worldly passions free,
I'd soar to yonder azure heaven,
And stretch my arms to thee!

There, when the pensive moonlight shone,
We'd wander through the sky,
And leaning o'er our fleecy throne,
Look down with wond'ring eye
On verdant valley, rippling stream,
On summit, tower, and tree,
Where lovely slept the placid beam,
Serene and chaste as thee.

And may not such in years to rise,
When all of earth is past,
When death bestows what life denies,
Be ours perhaps at last?—
Oh! 'twere enough for ever more
To wean each sin from me,
To think in heaven, when time is o'er,
My soul may welcome thee!

Then till that hour, while yet on earth,
Oh! be what thou hast been,
And let me love the angel worth
Mine eyes have never seen;
Still pour upon my list'ning ear,
While yet that bliss may be,
Those melting strains, so sweetly dear,
That won me first to thee!

Nor think the world's tumultuous throng
Shall tempt my thoughts away,
Or steal me from the syren song
That soothed my early day;
The pensive charm that song could give,
Through each reserv'd decree,
Shall fondly smile, and brightly live,
To tell my soul of thee.

Nor midnight moon, nor vesper star,
Nor flower of modest fame,
But yet, though thou art distant far,
Shall whisper me thy name;
Nor aught of beauty can I trace,
Nor aught of goodness see,
But in the dear resembling grace
I'll still remember thee. OSCAR.

INVOCATION TO INDIFFERENCE.

Teach me, Indifference, to conceal
The soft emotions that I feel;
To check the sigh, to chill the tear,
That still will rise when Henry's near:
And to my tongue, Indifference, teach
Thy calm monotony of speech;
The still, unvaried, placid tone,
Which makes the bosom all thy own;
And to my trembling heart again
Restore thy lost regretted reign.
And haste thee, tyrant Love, away!
This breast no longer owns thy sway:
No longer will I view the smile,
That could that breast of peace beguile;
No longer will I list that voice,
"My first, my last, my only choice;"
But breaking faithless Henry's chain,
I never, never love again;
Nor e'en to Henry's friendship give
One thought, lest love in that should live.
Then say, Indifference, on what ground,
What peaceful Eden, art thou found?
For I would seek thy bower serene,
Thy bower still form'd of evergreen:
What though now flow'rets bloom around,
It bears no thorn the heart to wound;
And I within thy peaceful cell,
A hermitess, content would dwell:
Then to my trembling heart restore
Thy reign, Indifference, once more.
MILTONIA.

SONNET.

Solo e pensoro i piu deserti campi
Vo misurando ——— PETR. *Son* 28.

Dear is the joy to list at summer-eve
The winged minstrel's serenade or song,
Where yon blue stream winds murmuring along,
'Neath willows pale that love to droop and grieve:—
Oh! lady, this wild wayward harp believe;
Wind once again these deepening shades among:
For thee her witch-notes Nature shall prolong;
Thee—Evening's self shall linger ere she leave.

Oh! come, and whilst her locks of yellow lie
O'er twilight grey, I'll kneel me, and adore
My guardian goddess of the azure eye,
Diviner than that deity* of yore;
Come, loveliest, come, ere Summer's sunset fly
Far from our British glen to Transatlantic shore! F. J. R. A.

* Minerva.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.